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Map showing the location of the Huddersfield City Centre and the Huddersfield Airport.

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# Interview

With President Julius Nyerere

As Britain and the United States intensify their search for a continental settlement in Southern Africa, Tanzania's President Julius Nyerere has emerged as perhaps the one national leader remaining with the influence to prevent the exercise ending in failure and a bloodbath. A committed socialist, Nyerere commands the respect both of the black guerrilla leaders in Rhodesia and South Africa (Natal) and of U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. After his first full round of shuttle diplomacy in the troubled region, it was to Nyerere more than to any other leader that Kissinger turned for support for his proposals. At the urging of the guerrillas and African nationalists, Nyerere expressed reservations about parts of the American package but carefully avoided scuttling it entirely. Whether the Tanzanian president would be able to convince the guerrilla leaders to suspend their violent campaigns entirely so that a constitutional conference of blacks and whites could take place remains in open question, but there was growing belief in international circles that if he proves unable or unwilling to do so, there is no body else who can.

A graduate of Edinburgh University and a former Princeton College, 56-year-old Nyerere is chairman of five so-called front-line black African leaders who have met at least a dozen times during the past year to plan the overthrow of white supremacy in Southern Africa. Specifically, Tanzania serves as the external base for numerous guerrilla forces. Nyerere is credited with black nationalists are solid. And because of a close friendship with Kenneth Kaunda, the president of stateless-occupied Zambia, his relations with moderate leaders are equally good.

His writings and speeches have made Nyerere a kind of cult figure among West and East Africans, but those who have followed Tanzania's path in efforts to become economically self-sufficient often find Nyerere with his leadership with his inability at times to make his ideology workable. His weaknesses in controlling the bureaucracy and his unwillingness to make out still punishment for inefficiency. He was Tanzania's last president after it became independent in 1961 and he has been re-elected three times without opposition in the one-party republic. A wiry man with a high-pitched voice and an easy joking manner, he is known to Tanzanians as Mwalimu, the teacher. It is an apt title to describe his constant haranguing, exhorting and chastising. Addressing



## AFRICA WILL HAVE ITS INDEPENDENCE, BY NEGOTIATION OR BY ARMED STRUGGLE

his socialist principles, he gave up his poultry farm under his own nationalization law and relocated at the prospect of living in the State House, an expensive Moscow mansion on the harbor front in Dar es Salaam. Instead, he borrowed from a bank and bought a small house for his wife Mzee Gwambe and their seven children. He was interviewed for *Maclean's* by a Canadian born lawyer, Valerie Miller.

**Maclean's:** Most questions have been asked about America's intention to shuttle diplomats to Southern Africa. Are perhaps we should have a discussion about Tanzania's involvement in the struggle for the independence of Southern Rhodesia (the black nationalist) issue for

*Maclean's* South Africa and in the past in Mozambique and Angola?

**Nyerere:** The headquarters of the Liberation Campaign of the U.S. (Liberation of African Unity) is located here. Many of the liberation movements have headquarters here. In this way we are involved on behalf of the U.S. We are also involved directly. Mozambique had its training base here because it was convenient. We helped with the training of Frelimo troops.

It was not easy for Angola to have bases here, but we did help with the training of the U.S. (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola). We received arms and proved them along. We are committed to the liberation of Southern Africa, like other countries in South Africa as Nigeria. **Maclean's:** Do the Tanzanians have any role in a better involvement?

**Nyerere:** To quote the late Kwame Nkrumah, "The independence of Ghana will be meaningless as long as other parts of Africa are not free." So as long as Mozambique was under the Portuguese, it was that Tanzania was not free. Until the independence of Zimbabwe, there will be no independence for Tanzania.

**Maclean's:** Do you see yourself as a moderate or a radical?

**Nyerere:** I am engaged in non-violence, not non-violence. I am joining the other African nations, not moderating with colonial powers. The freedom of other African nations is our freedom. I can help in crushing the war efforts under which the freedom fighters work. I don't dislike being called a moderate. I am forced by circumstances only to advocate non-violence. It helped to build the freedom forces with violence, and I am helping build them with Zimbabwe. Independence by negotiation is an objective, not a person to the end. If that is not possible, armed struggle is a means to, with patience to the end.

**Maclean's:** Do you hope to see the end of the white minority?

**Nyerere:** We have dealt with Rhodesia for a long time now. Our attempts in 1974 to achieve majority rule failed for two reasons: one, Smith had not accepted majority rule; two, the nationalist movements were disoriented. To move forward, we will a three-year transitional period.

**Maclean's:** What period of transition is expected to be acceptable to you in Zambia, Zimbabwe and South Africa?

**Nyerere:** I am not talking about South Africa for the moment. Our question is not independence yesterday. Once the national power and the representative of the national people to negotiate that will be

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Roger enjoys people. He also enjoys the sociability of relaxing with a drink. But he's moderate. In fact, from the start of training till his last game of the season, Roger rarely drinks at all.

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and decide a date. It's not up to me, it's up to the people of those countries to decide.

**Maclean:** But for the sake of informing Canadians about reasonable expectations, what would you estimate?

**Myers:** Mr. Callaghan, when it was the right industry, had down conditions for negotiating independence with Zimbabwe. He said there must be independence within two years. When said this was ridiculous. Johnstone has said it's a crime. This will give you some perspective.

**Maclean:** His don't you want to discuss South Africa? Some people are concerned that South African independence is being sought or delayed in comparison to majorities in Zimbabwe and Namibia.

**Myers:** Although the problem in Southern Africa liberation is a single problem we have to take it step by step. We concentrated on Mozambique and Angola. Now we are concentrating the Namibia and Zimbabwe. When they become independent, we will concentrate on South Africa. We're not able to do everything at once.

**Maclean:** What is your policy regarding compensation for ex-propriated companies?

**Myers:** Yes it was our initiative. I first started considering this idea at the Commonwealth Conference in Canada in 1973. As would you want to talk with the Rhodesians and to what we talked about majority rule. At that time I was thinking about guarantees to those whose who would stay in the country. At the beginning of this year, we decided that what you really need is a kind of insurance policy, who don't want to stay in the country to leave. I don't shouldn't we be just thinking of persuading those who want to leave to go?

**Maclean:** Critics complain that the guarantee won't give a sufficient margin of return for the wealth of national companies and that by paying them off you are acknowledging their step money. Don't the companies risk the policies of a socialist country?

**Myers:** You mean if the governments will go to companies. And they will probably move out of their capitalist countries like Canada and Britain.

**Maclean:** Is this also accepting indirect foreign investment?

**Myers:** As a socialist I think it is better that I let the capitalists than shoot them.

**Maclean:** What countries have offered to merge their companies?

**Myers:** The United States and Britain. Other Western countries are considering.

**Maclean:** What do you think about the possibility of a date for independence?

**Myers:** After Tanzania's independence we provided guarantees for the white and Asian minorities here. They were repatriated because those who wanted to stay

wanted to be part of Tanzania. They considered the guarantees a discrimination against them. I think this will happen in Zimbabwe. In Canada and the United States there are no guarantees for minorities, why should we need them in Africa? It's a question of individual rights, not rights as members of racial groups.

**Maclean:** What are the reasons for current United States involvement here? Dr. Kinnear said he is opposed that we should undo the involvement in the personal sense of African president. Should we?

**Myers:** I think that question is best addressed to Dr. Kinnear.



AS A SOCIALIST I  
THINK IT BETTER TO  
PAY THE CAPITALISTS  
THAN TO SHOOT THEM

**Maclean:** Do you agree the United States is the socialist?

**Myers:** I cannot answer that question.

**Maclean:** But Dr. Kinnear said in Zurich that he was welcomed by the leaders of Southern Africa. And from right after here in Dar es Salaam. He said that he had here in United States.

**Myers:** We did not see him in Zurich because in April he didn't ask, he just said he was coming. I have no power over the United States. If they can use their influence toward independence, we will not discourage them.

**Maclean:** The "big power" division of the globe only use kind of political motives. In Canada and other countries, academics and politicians are recommending an increasing number of countries—trade agreements, diplomatic relations. Don't the United States put its foot on the "big power" movement?

**Myers:** The United States is going to be

involved whether it comes. My problem is helping determine what kind of involvement. I ask what a year involvement here? They say they are engaged in competition with the Soviet Union. In Ottawa, some people suggested that the Third World was square debtless. I answered with the Souths saying, "When the Third photo light it is the grass that suffers." To which my quick would fired. Lee Kuan Yew, the Prime Minister of Singapore said, "But when the elephant make live it is the grass that suffers." Because it was the United States from being involved.

**Maclean:** What do you think of the presence of Cuban troops in Angola?

**Myers:** I don't understand the absence of a big power like the United States with a big money like Cuba. I don't understand how a superpower says we are engaged with Cuba in competition for influence in Angola and Cuba pushed us out. What did the United States want in Angola? Who asked them? The government of Angola would in the Cubans. Who started the Americans?

**Maclean:** What are the chances of a Third Force among FRELIMO (Zimbabwe African National Union) and ZANU (Zimbabwe African People's Union) coming to power and liberating Zimbabwe?

**Myers:** First of all, I have been told there is no Third Force. The armed wing of the liberation movements are united—with members from ZANU and ZAPU—although the political wings are not yet organized into one group. The failure of the political leaders should not stop the armed struggle. They are fighting for independence, not ideology.

**Maclean:** Independence for what? How can I see from this a message, government will be any better if you don't know its political consequences?

**Myers:** It is inevitable that men and women are engaged in armed struggle without knowing what they are fighting for. They want independence. I make a very clear distinction between the liberation of my continent and the social system of different countries in Africa. When it comes to independence, Tanzania is more independent than Malawi. We are involved in Zimbabwe and Malawi because we have the civil liberation leaders. What social system they choose is their business. Smith has just said that the biggest problem in Rhodesia is the security situation, the deep in which segregation and the economy.

**Maclean:** Is Southern Africa moving as a political bloc as well as a geographic area? Tanzania, Mozambique and Angola are now independent, socialist countries. Zanzibar is also socialist. Letting the group of socialist leaders in Namibia, Zimbabwe and South Africa, one country after one going to be socialist countries.

**Myers:** We are engaged in liberation for majority rule. We are not fighting for one kind of ideology. This is a cardinal point



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that I make time and time again. When I wish for the rest of Africa. But I cannot assure that every country will want to join. I believe that that will happen, but I can't say. If any outside country tried to interfere in the independence of an African country, that would be capital. It was not world fight the outside, no matter who it was.

**Maclean's:** Is your priority now or is it another?

**Byers:** Unity. The United States is making me because of its size, not because of its capital.

**Maclean's:** If your country is a socialist country, and if you think you are, what is maintaining such a long list of countries in the East African Community? It would be better to form a union with Madagascar and other Southern African countries?

**Byers:** I had to make a choice in East Africa between unity and socialism. I would choose unity. If I were forced to give up one of the two, I would give up socialism. Suppose one province in Canada was quite socialist than the others, would they choose socialism over unity?

**Maclean's:** What about nationalist movements in Europe? Like French nationalism, which is a left-right movement, or even in the United States. What about the idea that socialism is best served in a small, self-contained country?

**Byers:** I oppose the nationalism of Germany. I don't want to balkanize Africa. Balkanization is weakness. You achieve independence, then unity, then socialism. Even if you had a capitalist Africa—United States of Africa—that does not stop me from being a socialist. But without the strength of independence in Africa, we cannot have any chance of socialism.

**Maclean's:** If you sense a negative diplomatic, why do you accept some from the Soviet Union? Do you think any "neutral" countries like Canada or Sweden ever might consider socialism?

**Byers:** First of all, how is Canada paid? I thought Canada was a member of NATO. As for Sweden, as principle they won't give arms. We need arms. We have to take them where we find them. We can be very much the ideology of anti-alignment by refusing countries to have and arms. If Dr. Kravtsov wanted to donate arms, even if everyone said it was part of a CIA plot, I wouldn't object for one moment. And again on Canada, you can tell how much we trust your country—we asked you to train our troops, your armed forces were here for five years.

**Maclean's:** Why are they no longer involved here?

**Byers:** You cannot be here forever.

**Maclean's:** What role now expect the government of Canada to do for or with the independence movements?

**Byers:** Sweden is working with us in a useful way. They don't try to control the direction of their money. They give according to what the liberation movements

want—medicine and materials. I would suggest to Canada that they might look to Sweden.

**Maclean's:** In your address to the Royal Commonwealth Society last November, you said "Political independence can be a sham without economic independence. Disunity or fragmentation will depend upon whether the rich will accept that the poor have a right to economic independence and then seriously embark on the process of establishing a new relationship between rich and poor." What was the response to that?

**Byers:** Was very good, judging from the proceedings at UNCTAD II, (U.N. Conference on Trade and Development IV). Once the colonial powers regarded it as their right to control the right of their colonies to political independence, as the right of their colonies and the colonial people recognized the right themselves. They would not ideological more. The colonial powers recognized that they could do damage and continue their economic advantages. The economic damage is as vulnerable as political damage. When a way we want to be economically independent, they say they want to give it. That means they have not begun to understand what we are talking about.

**Maclean's:** An alternative in aid projects, such as one suggested by the donors, the Commonwealth Conference of 1974 suggested that a fund targets for a flat transfer of 1% of the GNP of rich nations. Sweden and the Netherlands I believe are following that target. And Norway is going further. What other response have you had? What are your expectations?

**Byers:** Negligible and not very good.

**Maclean's:** How do you regard Canada's commitment and behavior in respect to these matters?

**Byers:** UNCTAD and CICA are not I suppose not. But in the meantime, what are I do? I used democracy. Do I stop developing the country until the world economy changes? It's like the sea was there. When it came there is a tragedy that the land goes to the sea. We have immense problems keeping the land away, back where it belongs.

**Maclean's:** What is the difference between the oil revenues from the West and what is received from China?

**Byers:** And it is. On the other hand, China is a Third World country. It has poor. It has no colonies.

**Maclean's:** What one Canada do to strengthen its role in developing countries and to help establish the new economic order?

**Byers:** I can't tell Canadians how they can become capitalists. That's up to you, yourselves. It's as though we poor countries are the employees and the rich nations are the employers. If you don't understand the economic order—the necessity of independence—there is going to be an explosion. That's all I can say. I cannot educate Canadians. That's a task left to the management within your society. The Canadians will have to educate themselves.

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**What if they threw an election and nobody came? We may be about to find out**

Column by Walter Stewart

"Where know how we could get a million more votes in this state?" the man asked, slumping his hand down on the desk and glowering at the elderly lady behind it. She didn't look up, she didn't want to know. "Get that greasy ape's picture off the billboards, that's how," the man said, and slammed his hand down again. The woman sighed. She was exposing something like that. The portly, elderly man straightened up, shot his cuffs, tapped his hat politely, nodded affably in any direction, and stomped out the door.

"How's the disease going?" I asked the stricken lady. "Everything's just fine," she responded automatically. "Everybody's suffering."

This little town took place in the Democratic convention rooms in Zanesville, Ohio, a sleepy little city at the confluence of the Muskingum and Licking rivers, in the heart of the American heartland. This is country both Republicans and Democrats are claiming in the Presidential election—the Republicans because they have always won there, the Democrats because they have their new wonder-product James Earl Carter. "The grunting ape," but things are not going well in Zanesville. Zane Gray, the owner of Western, whose gun granddaddy Ebenezer Zane, founded the place, would say that both sides were plain insouciant. Zane might even say—for he was a man of powerful phrases—this is the fault; hereabouts don't cast a lick who wins. When the two candidates look at either another, they are both looking at a hardy underdog with no variation on all the lines to read.

Zane Grey, may his spirit never grow dull, would be right. Just up the street, Republican headquarters Rex F. Koffel, the Republican candidate for the 99th district of the state legislature, which includes Zanesville, allowed that "in 1971, you had a lot of people involved in the election, people outside the party structure. This time you just have the party people."

Zoe's vote turned out to be not important—if it hadn't been for Zane Grey and his riders of the purple prose, the place would be indistinguishable from 1,000 other American towns and cities. But what Zoe's vote shares with 1,000 other American towns and cities is a supreme indifference toward the most important political event in this nation's existence: a Presidential election. There is a good chance that fewer than half the American electorate will turn out on November 2: a fact chance that, if the voters could really know themselves, both Presidential candidates



dates would lose, and the price would go to Carlson, Rhoda's doorman. At least he's unknown.

Nine months ago, when Annex Carter was unknown, he bore out the politician's aura like a morning star. He was new and fresh, and he held out a soothing prospect of a new American people. He was a little vague, but that would pass; the important thing was that he gave his audience a sense of direction. He was a man who could save himself and their system. Gerald Ford, this well-meaning but inept man, was doctrine to go beneath the Genghis's chariot wheels along with the Desovian's people. He was a man who had been in the White House, and he was seen as a man who had his head on things, a chief. That was nine months ago. Ford a chief seen as a savior? No. Carter has not gained history. He has not won the hearts of the people. He has not gained and good goodwill. But he is a manager and no action. He clouds up a lot, and they say in Zanzibar, but he doesn't react much. The chance before the people now stands to be between a savior and a manager.

And there's a pay. This election could be should be one of the most interesting in recent American history. There is a perceptible difference between the party platforms this time, a real debate about the direction of American policy. The Democrats convinced themselves vigorously

face of lower unemployment, and they proposed measures—the Hawke-Insullaphany full-employment bill—to make their government real. The Republicans think this is a bad bid, inflationary, ignorant, a mark of everything that is wrong with Democratic policies. It would make the government the employer of last resort in bad times, and the Republicans won't stand for that. They say inflation is the key issue, and government spending and government intransigence the banking crisis.

So there should be a deep-seated dislike over the role of government, over the trade-off between capital and jobs, over the whole range of economic problems. But Jimmy Carter's policy, he thinks, has been to "hand-pick" the best of the ideas of Democrats and put them into place. In Georgia, he knows such things exist, but he doesn't have to like them. He said, in the first debate, that balancing the budget came first, and he wouldn't wait any new programs until that was done. Where did he leave the Medicare and Medicaid programs? He said he didn't know. Whether Carter, who has inherited the privilege of national health insurance, would back a government funded scheme or turn the whole thing over to private insurance companies (The Republicans would like to do that) might not get such a firm answer. But he said, when asked, that it's hard to say right now to the man.

[illegible]

behind, his guinea, not on his own volition but because of the fatness of the Cartwright campaign. And with the elections on us, the issues joined and the man on the grip of chaos, the whole affair appears, as they say in Zimbabwe, not worth a bucket of warm water.

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# Letters

## The Winnipeg nobody—especially Fotheringham—knows

There's a story about a group of blind men trying to describe an elephant. Each blind man comes up with a spectacularly different description, depending on whether he has felt the elephant's tail, leg, ear or tusk. Hear Allan Fotheringham's description of Winnipeg in *TV A Town Could Be Labeled To A Punch In The Mouth, Winnipeg Would Be It* (September 20) is somewhat akin to the latter. He perceived a whole city as an animal head and sixth night is to provide the most basic fallacy of philosophy—is busy generalization.

One can only conjecture what kind of city Winnipeg would have been depicted as head, rather than the animal's Winnipeg. First and Sixth Night, Fotheringham had attended an evening with the Winnipeg Chapter of Guy Liberman, or perhaps an animal's Winnipeg of the Northwest Lanes Bowling Association, or maybe even a reunion of the friends of Paul Coudes now residing in Winnipeg. Fotheringham's fallacy of generalization is exceeded by that of another—that he got too far.

GRHAM HUBBERT WINNIPEG

If you haven't heard it, don't compare it. I read with catatonic despair Amie's observations in her review of *Shaking It Again: A Prison Memoir* (September 20). "Indeed, the most chilling episode in the book is the fact of the lady officer from the parole board whose parched and sour dissection of her files and procedures was more dehumanizing than any gung-up in the showen." It is true that the only rational response to such a remark was to be "Winnipeg." I'd certainly prefer exposure to the most self-righteous and connative of civil servants to a gung-up, as usually, I am

fairly sane, most sane and usually in the street. It's hard to believe in emotions as so afraid that they prefer sexual violence to an uncharacteristically distant "body officer" benevolent. Chilling indeed.

LEE LANGE TORONTO

### Walter Stewart, Walter Stewart

All the applause warranted regarding your new format has failed to mention my favorite columnist. Therefore I feel compelled to write and thank Walter Stewart for his long planning and conscientious commitment of all his topics. As *American As Apple Pie* (September 20) is the last yet I always look forward to Macdonald's arrival, but especially to reading an article by Walter Stewart.

ROSEANNE ROYCE WINDYKID WINDYKID

Walter Stewart's *As American As Apple Pie* is as fine a sample of backyard punditism as any to a long while, and it made lovely reading. The women in his remarks—"Sleeping with the lesser race was one thing, but once drew the line at clanking plates with them"—is duly noted, but his bigotry does pass through a little. He might have included the informants and replace phrase: lesser races. This is.

EDITH WICKFIELD VANCOUVER

### Why Johnny can't do mathematics

The article *Are Canadians Getting There?* *\$12 Billion Worth* (September 8) deals with a subject of the highest importance to all of us. Professor Stann's conclusion, "Obviously a modern nation needs freedom of expression as well as the basics," should be replaced by substituting "free speech" for "as well as." For freedom of

expression in a modern society is likely to be weak and even capitulated with a procreancy in the three Rs. We should go any on other subjects with reasonable proficiency in the basic curriculum. The other desirable subjects should be taught in the anatomy only as simple adjuncts of the three Rs.

WILLIAM CARING EDMONTON

### What you don't watch can't hurt you

The West Coast is not the only part of Canada that doesn't cut programs as you see in the CMC. My *Some Canadian Coast To Coast* But *The Coast Would Prefer Self-Denial* (September 20). It is so totally boring that we often forget we have a TV set. Yet, it was able to watch programs on the Dutch TV system that contain that sort of content. I guess it's common sense and only at the end and they were actually kind and gentle. This is not the constant interruption to those viewers whose features and an entire evening was well balanced. One wonders how a small nation can make it so interesting about Canadian TV. It has only one good feature—one can tune out!

T. SMITH THUNDERBAY

### Four not—and spray on!

Have Pluggin's *Light Poly-unsaturated* (August 19), regarding the use of vinyl chloride as a propellant in hair and nasal sprays, contain a misleading statement that we feel should be clarified. Vinyl chloride is not used as a propellant for such products as insect and hair sprays or any aerosol product manufactured in Canada.

DR. WIGDA CANADIAN LABORATORY INDUSTRIES BURLINGTON TORONTO

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Beaujolais 'La Robote'. Since Beaujolais wines are so well-known as the life of the party, many of the old slang names for it are coming back into use. One excellent and affordable Beaujolais, from *Paul Bouchard & Cie*, has revived the ancient name 'La Robote' which, literally translated, means 'Bottle' (Distributed by Featherstone & Co. Ltd.)

Beaujolais. It has become the fashion among certain Parisians to quaff chilled red Beaujolais (Ultra-diluted, perhaps, but clearly refreshing).

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## What's anyone try to find out why?

I am writing on behalf of the Spina Bida and Hydrocephalus Association of Ontario to mention you on the excellent article *The Placow* (August 8) regarding the 1975/76 "epidemic" of spina bida and hydrocephalus and related neural tube defects in Wallaseburg. Recent publicity seems to have had some effect in bringing the matter to the attention of the respective levels of government who are in a position to initiate a thorough investigation into such occurrences. In the British Isles, the same type of "epidemic" have been noted and scientists there have been trying for some time to pinpoint a cause or causes. It is not surprising that governments and local health authorities in other countries conduct full scale inquiries now.

The logical place to start would be with the parents, at the time the child is born. Why isn't anyone asking them questions? It is really surprising and quite frustrating that in the past no one has seemed interested in gathering any pertinent information on family history—it fact some parents have offered such information and have been brushed aside. Our association was formed five years ago, primarily to provide information and support to parents. We are contacted with similar groups in the United States, Great Britain and Australia and keep our members informed of latest developments through our bi-monthly newsletter. The general public, however, still is relatively unaware of spina bida and hydrocephalus, and it is certainly encouraging to see the subject given prominence in newspapers and magazines such as *Maclean's*.

MIKE JAMES BAKER, PRESIDENT  
SPINA BIDA AND HYDROCEPHALUS  
ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO P.O. BOX 111  
WALLACEBURG, ONTARIO

## For less much who about Atwood

Who said Margaret Atwood was "Canada's literary lady of letters"? This is surely a very subjective opinion. Most of us would award that accolade to Margaret Laurence, who has a truly international reputation and standard of excellence. We are told by Barbara Amiel in *Good Move: The Power of Women: Six Days in March of Resurrection* (September 8) that Lady Atwood is \$10 in "touch and go," so I doubt whether we are all going to melt out and spend \$30 in a time of economic recession, especially when I am receiving my own eye-ball through *The Diamond* of \$1.95. But for curiosity, who would spend \$10 on a book of odd facts about—who has time to read it, if your reviewer can be trusted?

The interview with Atwood done by Helen Singer is slightly less-making. Lots of us have produced children, but I am fearful for Atwood's baby (she is in the "hot of getting a dog"). This seems in contrast with a lot of the best of young girls (I have met who were motherhood and a very intellectual experience and lost all

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GOLDIE JONES/REUTERS

**A few words on behalf of management:** Clive Hey and Mark Lewis in *Safety Last* (September 6) could stand to learn a few things about far, investigative reporting, in that they took the time to quote masters of. Sullivan and make mention of the United Brotherhood which allegedly represents those same masters. In reading the article, I wasn't able to find the comments of any representatives of union management who spend so much time on safety training programs. For union employees to just one of many industries that spend tens of millions of dollars on a so-called justice—teaching people that it is their own best interest to protect themselves from accidents that could seriously injure or kill them.

A. CLARK/QUEBECOR

#### Bulking the wild cartoonist

If I were a Regan hater, I think I would devote my efforts to hunting cartoonists Cloudbank and the *Forrest* cartoonist responsible for *Everybody's Daddy's Gang* at *Monty* (September 6). Once again the hater has been misguided, and as a hater I cannot escape the feeling that the table top and the miserable cartoon represents personal attack.

I believe I have every justification when I request that you edit out future anti-bullying cartoons, i.e., *Monty*, growing, among the things, well, hard, and not to mention your cartoonist's destructive imagery.

LARRY JORDAN  
TORONTO, ONT.

The so-called cartoon with the human supposedly trying to find deer is horrible. The deer in the cartoon is supposed to be really worried about the man—because who is looking for an animal to kill?

There are many of us who are very much against the killing of wild animals. There is no sport or fun in killing anything. The animal can't have a chance and many that are only wounded run and hide and die in agony because the "deer sportsman" couldn't be bothered to go and find the animal and humanely kill it. I don't see anything "sporting" about these characters who take a gun around and shoot at anything that moves. It would indeed be something if the animal could be tamed to let the hunter because the hunter is supposed to be a man would want to take their part and be "sport" for the animal concerned?

The whole write-up is in bad taste—there is nothing funny about hunting.

WILL FLORIAN/OWEN TORONTO



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## Preview

The TV border war with the U.S. will soon be over, fought to a draw

While most Canadians only realized peripherally that all there has been a border war going with the United States since the government first introduced Bill C-36 in April, 1975 (see page 56), it appears to have been settled last October through the trade talks that the United States will drop its opposition to the bill's provisions that Canadian stations will no longer be allowed to deliver the cost of advertising—an estimated \$20 million a year mostly in Buffalo, New York, and Washington, D.C.—from their stations in return for the Canadian government, through the Canadian Radio Television Commission, will probably restrict cable companies to non-delivering ads on U.S. stations from their feeds. The border stations created since a prominent Liberal in the House in the negotiations for the bill's passage are Allan O'Brien, a former national director of the Liberal Party, Gerry Robinson, the present national director, and John Richard, a former president of the Ontario Liberal Party. Robinson has resigned his seat in the House and Richard has resigned his seat in the House. There are even reports that former Liberal minister John Turner has been working for the Buffalo stations.

### Help an old Rhodesian, buddy?

If the so-called Krugger Plan is followed, the taxation to black majority rule in Rhodesia will begin within the next few weeks and it's expected some 80,000 white Rhodesians (of a total of 270,000) will begin clamoring to get out. A whopper coming out of a highly scaled meeting among Minister of Foreign Affairs Anthony Clouston and South African representatives in Washington has Canada being asked to accept in the next 30 days of them. Canada will be asked as well—if it has not been asked already—to contribute to a \$1.5-billion to two-billion-dollar fund to compensate and relocate white Rhodesians who would rather remain than live under black majority rule. As a price conference, when Clouston was asked where hard-pressed Britain was going to



Parah Powell-Majors for Mercury Cougar: the lady next door

get its share of the fund, he replied: "We sure our American friends will help us—and others." The others, in this case, are almost certainly the major members of the Commonwealth, namely Canada and Australia. In fact, External Minister Donald Jamieson has acknowledged the possibility that this country would be asked for money.

### After The Pill... The Shot?

The idea of spermicide contraception is not new—it is the principle by which the various "foams" and "gels" work. They are not, however, 100% sure and they do require a certain amount of discipline in lovemaking. Now, however, research in the United States has carried spermicide one step further and is developing a vaccine that would actually immunize women to make sperm killing as just as painless as killing germs, before it can fertilize the egg. Dr. James McClure, at the University of Nebraska, has successfully created an immunization in animals with an injected spermicide and is now looking for ways to administer a vaccine to women, and to develop and conduct the tests necessary to ensure there are no side effects—like one major drawback to the Pill.

### Another machine takes over

The motor reeler, the guy (usually in green) usually who determines how much electricity or gas or water you've used and over a given period of time so you can be billed for it, may soon be joining the million

experimenting with the Transponder. But Harry Rogers, chief engineer for Edmonton Telephone, doubts remote readings will be more economical than manual ones in three years.

### Fit for a prince?

Speculation which has been growing for some time, but gained credibility a month ago, that Prince Charles will marry an Commoner General of Australia for a three-year term and that the final decision will be made when the Queen visits there in March. The newspaper *The Australian* says royal advisers in London are pushing the idea, arguing that the pair would not put relations on between the two countries but also contribute to the future king's political career. It would also solve another problem: getting the incumbent Sir John Kerr out of the office diplomatically. Kerr resigned Australian chief of state after he dismissed the Labor government during a constitutional crisis.

### Murder of the Orient Express

James Bond (Sean Connery) fought Red Grant (Robert Shaw) so the deadly one is, and nobody has to be reminded what Hercule Poirot (Albert Finney) did on the *Queen Victoria*. For nearly a century in fact, and half a century in fiction, a his most intriguing and toughest murder and mystery. And now May is upon it. It is apparently no longer economically feasible to continue the Poirot franchise (partly of the most famous train in the world

# Canada

## The Plains of Abraham, Part Two

Reflecting on the 1982 conspiracy ones that almost tore Canada apart, the late André Laurendeau observed that "it is only a few nations"—meaning Quebec and English-speaking Canada—"confront each other with intense feeling that one can measure to what degree they really exist." It is a phenomenon little noticed in the rest of Canada. Quebecers these days are assuming that existence with extra caution, a wary uncertainty over at least that could have been heavily on the feature of Confederation. The subject, emboldened on the hottest thousands of Quebecers are sporting these days is, il y a du français dans l'air (There is French in the air). The trouble is—and it is this that has annoyed Quebecers to a quiet fury—there is not enough French in the air. Following the near-day strike by pilots this summer over bilingual communications, Ottawa banned the use of French on Air Canada flight decks and firmly limited the use of French in ground-to-air communications. Now, in a sharp contrast to the stormy nationalism of the past years, Quebecers are up in arms over the result in a cool, determined but all too common way.

Spreading the protest is the 1,500-member association known as *les gens de l'air* made up of francophone air and ground crew members and air controllers. Their cause has won the support of Quebecers from all walks of life and of nearly all political persuasions, both provincial and federal. "Their support comes from all sides, all political parties," marvels Pierre Desjardis, special assistant to federal transport minister Olo Lévesque. "It's the first time it's ever happened. It's just amazing." *Les gens de l'air* have won the unanimous backing of the Quebec National Assembly—a almost unprecedented event—and secured a figure in dispute in an *en français* debate and hockey here in Montreal. Richard. The provincial government of Liberal Premier Robert Bourassa has contributed \$15,000 to help fight federal air communications policies, and the Quebec government's information ministry is printing press kits for its *gens de l'air*. Newspaper magnate Pierre Perle has donated \$15,000 worth of advertising space in his newspapers. The demand for priority of French in Quebec echoes from Boston to Buffalo. The Quebec Language Board has launched an advertising campaign with the slogan: *De plus en plus, ce n'est pas français (More and more it's happening in French)*. It isn't. Brevity has weighed in with an act containing the line: *Nous sommes en million. Plus se parler (There*



Richard dons the badge of Quebecois *jeune*: yes, "There is French in the air!"

are in million of us. We've got to talk to each other.")

Quebec ministers in Pierre Trudeau's federal cabinet have tilted to the cause and some federal Liberal in-crowd members are representing their constituents to industrialists. Transport minister Jean Marchand got over the issue, and Mass LaRonde, Minister of Health and Welfare, has appeared on Quebec television wearing a

we from Montreal, a Quebec Superior Court judge ordered Air Canada to allow the use of French among francophone crew members on Air Canada flight decks. But the larger issue of whether French will be allowed in ground-to-air communications at major Quebec airports awaits his report of the judges in the meantime, a case that has been knocked in Quebec by the fact that a civil war is being fought by law for one

"You're a good cause, here's some money." Quebec Liberals put the subject to the federal government. The main protection for francophones in the government of Quebec, says François Chénier, a former Liberal who will shortly become Quebec's chief representative in Paris. "The pain is too tight for it."

The political risk for Bourassa's government is that the Parti Québécois can easily take that to prevent cost any further, against Quebec, from Canada and that would long as not in language disputes between senior and senior levels of government. Nevertheless, Premier Bourassa early this month was openly joking with the possibility of a November election that would capitalize on the euphoria left over from the Montreal Olympic Games and Quebec's successful bid for the 1992 Olympic bid, which could worsen before the next election has to be called in 1995. In the meantime, Bourassa had to grapple with a language issue on a similar level that inevitably could only serve to fuel the fires of anti-French Quebec nationalism and outside of Quebec. That is Bill 22, which is intended to promote the primacy of French in Quebec as the same time that Ottawa is fighting a long battle to win acceptance for the idea that federal services should be available in both languages across the country. As the school year began in Quebec this fall, hundreds of children of immigrant parents staged sit-ins at Montreal schools to protest government action that decade whether children are admitted to English institutions. Now a policy change that Quebec City is considering would weaken language laws in favor of an across-the-board decision that any child whose mother tongue is not English should be educated in French. **CHRISTIAN PILLER**



Three of the principal "gens de l'air": Pierre Desjardis (secretary general), Guy Bouchard (organizing committee chairman) and Roger Desjardis (president) taking off.

gens de l'air. The issue has even won the support of anglophone opponents of Quebec's own Bill 22, which made French Quebec's sole official language. "I see no difference in what they [les gens de l'air] are fighting for up the air and what we did a year ago of the ground," says writer Bernard Jolin. Bouchard, who led a violent campaign on CTV radio against Bill 22's education clause. "Both sides assume that there is supposed to be a bilingual country."

The latest resurgence of a defiant Quebecers against the linguistic policy in Quebec became a matter of pride to Quebecers, the struggle of *les gens de l'air* network in their own language is a symbol of the resurgence of francophone Quebec. Their fight has also renewed in the past decade the sense that the progress made by French Canadians on the national scene has been hollow. That Ottawa may prove willing to satisfy Quebec aspirations to Western language, which was how Olo Lévesque's memorandum of understanding with CRTC and CRTC was viewed in Quebec. "If we lose this fight," observed a senior French air controller, "it means we're just another Louisiana."

The *gens de l'air* spirit has also inspired Bourassa's federalist Quebec government in a tough position. The more defiant Bourassa's of the province, Parti Québécois, has left Quebec City only in a position to say that they support the Quebecers but not the strike steps to satisfy their grievances. "It didn't take a government," said Pierre Desjardis. "It took a few more. They could only say

French Canadians to speak French to another in the air or anywhere."

The campaign by *les gens de l'air* provides a difficult backdrop for the application of Ottawa's Official Language Act, which laid down that federal services would be available to all Canadians in both English and French. The Quebecers represent the province's technological vanguard. They are highly trained, well-paid professionals in a field where Quebec has often in the past been weak. And as it goes up the construction of the Montserrat dam in Quebec, the struggle of *les gens de l'air* network in their own language is a symbol of the resurgence of francophone Quebec. Their fight has also renewed in the past decade the sense that the progress made by French Canadians on the national scene has been hollow. That Ottawa may prove willing to satisfy Quebec aspirations to Western language, which was how Olo Lévesque's memorandum of understanding with CRTC and CRTC was viewed in Quebec. "If we lose this fight," observed a senior French air controller, "it means we're just another Louisiana."

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### OTTAWA

#### The spirit of '76

Pierre Trudeau may be a good man, but he has had to confront the harsh reality of his own political mortality. As a cabinet meeting last month a few of the new ministers studied among the delicate questions of the party's platform. Trudeau's health is a constant presence in the life of his confidantes. Politics. Prompted by one of the senior ministers at the table, Trudeau eagerly launched into an impassioned plea for his future. Almost as if he thought they were not his cabinet members should notice. Trudeau indicated that he was not about to carry on without their active support—but said such time in that confidence was lost. He planned to be around to fight the next election, expected in 1987.

The Quebecer with which Trudeau found the question was reflected in a new-found closeness out on the stump. As parliament, that great national circus under the Peace Tower prepared to open for another run, Trudeau took his place in the spotlight to the public. There were no philosophy

houses when Trudeau met many Liberal party bosses from Ontario. Breeding the Liberal passion, from Laurier through King to himself, Trudeau's bluest message was that the Liberals were "not of touch with the grain roots" disappointed and headed for oblivion. Trudeau took some blame for that—but not too much. It was deeply articulated nonsense on the one side that Trudeau used so effectively before the last election, and it drew a decidedly mixed response.

A week later, Trudeau was back in Toronto for a *Financial Post* seminar on the post-controls society, where he said that his government has headed the angry ones about the anti-inflation program. The end of the program will come sooner than the original 1978 target date "if economic circumstances are favorable," he said at the same time, adding his audience that controls "will not be extended."

As the political season opened again, the Conservatives and New Democrats were busy, were busy (buses—and the occasional political trip in Simcoe City, where he was warmly received while presiding at the opening of the 19th Norfolk County Fair. Conservative leader Joe Clark, instead, uninvited, visited and handed out awards for schools growing chard and a map-of-war victory by ferry across from Rochester High.

Ed Broadbent meanwhile, was trying vainly to rearrange the vote play days by attacking corporate tax cuts. He also vowed, presumably coming on an anti-performance genre, to replace the Tories as the main opposition this season because, as he put it, Clark's party has been "taking back" cupping in "cynical game of politics."

In three pre-election strategy meetings, the Tories seemed not so much cynical as realistic. They agreed, for example, that their speeches should routinely contain barbs against the inflation monster. John Turner said he was to lead a Liberal leadership call before the next election (Trudeau had the same priority in mind in verbalizing his commitment to say) "The Tory brothers then drew up a list of ministers whom they were in need of for attack. Among the old and new faces singled out: Warren Allan of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, Jean-Pierre Goyer of Supply and Services, Solicitor General Francis Fox, Tony Abbott of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, then minister Jean-Jacques Blais and Ken Macdonald of Small Business Development. Trudeau was given a low vulnerability rating, an indication that he generates grudging respect even among the Conservatives.

Clark's own stock slipped markedly when he backed down from a confrontation with fellow Alberta, Sam Selmonek over which would win in the new riding of Rose River, which includes Clark's boyhood home of High River. Clark announced he would run to



Clark (above) and Trudeau (below) on the hustings—or a good business there



the northern Yukon and some towns which, along with criticism that he is over-reliant on money, the mis- of young Joe Wain. From Wain's Clark blamed the "Tories" of the press for exaggerating the flap, but then acknowledged he was prepared to endure anti-term criticism ("the domestic risk") to avoid a divisive and prohibited public battle with Selmonek.

In the context of the long race ahead to the next election, the flurry of activity and bombast suggested only that the horses are approaching the starting gate. A series of events could ultimately alter track and send two federal by-elections October 18 in Ontario and Newfoundland, which the Tories were expected to win and Trudeau's right-to-day in Japan starting October 19. The Throne Speech debate in the next session may be an opportunity for Clark to seek making an alternative position to the Liberals. The matter discussed was a clear signal that the government has adopted a "no if leave you alone" stance toward business. To sharp contrast to "new society" meetings, Trudeau is now set

on a course of increased "influence on the individual enterprise system in the investment" which he adds, predicted detailed management of the economy by the government and will present extensive measures in the daily lives of Canadians.

In the mid, however, the new action is likely to be dominated by the old issues: inflation, unemployment, social disputes and unrest in the penitentiaries. The real interest will centre on the performance of Prime Trudeau, Joe Clark and the national economy.

ROBERT LEWIS

## THE WEST

### Land of the setting Grit

"West of the Ontario-Manitoba border" broadened Prime Trudeau in his retooling, warning speech to Ontario Liberals this month "we exist in a third party and not a voting one as that." That may have been something of an understatement. Unpopular as the Liberals seem to be almost everywhere in the country, the party's fortunes are at their lowest ebb in the Western provinces. Only 12 of the 58 seats from the west



are Liberals, and many of them would be convinced if an election were held now. At the provincial level the picture is just as bleak—in the past that a share in affect with the Saskatchewan Liberal Party to make a formal break with the federal Liberals. Lloyd Axworthy, one of only about Liberal members of the Manitoba legislature, says that in the west "we are seeing the decline and fall of the Liberal party."

The federal Liberals are already taking steps to find out what is wrong and to see whether the trend can be reversed. Responding to a 1975 Liberal convention resolution that ordered the national executive to "expedite the Liberal Party in Western Canada," a five-member committee will report on the political grievances of Liberals and non-Liberals alike.

The commission's mandate: to find out why the Liberals are so unsuccessful in winning national policies in Western provinces. Inevitably, the commission will hear a familiar laundry of complaints about federal Liberal policies that are viewed as especially hostile to the West—mainly federal bilingualism programs which are disliked as much as they are misunderstood. At a recent meeting of British Columbia Liberals which was attended by a federal cabinet minister, there was a warning cry for help from provincial Grits. "Tell us how to set the record straight on bilingualism."

Cliff Michale, a Saskatchewan MP and commission member, hopes the group will be able to report back to national party president Alexander Graham and Trudeau before the new year's opening plenary of time for policy suggestions before the next federal election.

The federal Liberals have failed in other recent attempts to show the West they're really there. The Western Economic Opportunities Conference (WEOC) in Calgary

three years ago addressed little if some of the burning issues of Western settlement, including taxation, freight rates and the suggestion that most federal economic policies favor industrial central Canada. They were produced free concrete results and since then the Liberal slide in the West has accelerated. At all, even the Liberals were surprised to see eight Grits were elected in 1975. But most of those were probably the beneficiaries of defying New Democrats in votes which believed what Trudeau was saying about the costs of wage and price controls. In the light of the Liberals' loss for six months, those votes are likely to go elsewhere next time, and the seeds of nearly all the Liberal woes could be in jeopardy. Probably, the 10 Liberals were reduced to a single seat on the 35-member legislature after three provincial Grits defected to the Social Credit party before last year's provincial election.

In Alberta, which elected no Liberal MPs in the last federal election and where there is not a single Liberal in the legislature either, the party's prospects are even more bleak. The only two members, Dennis and Ed Stelmach, were the deposition of Alberta's of wealthy confronted with supporters over federal bilingualism and the end of hanging, has placed the Liberals in such severe disfavor that some political observers estimate it could be a decade before Albertans elect any Liberals again.

Elsewhere on the Prairies, provincial Liberals are struggling just to hold their own sometimes without assistance from Ottawa. In Manitoba, provincial Liberal leader Charles Howard led by a narrow margin to win a by-election last year. His two may have been partly due to the other effects of the June federal budget, just one day before the Manitoba vote, which, to the surprise of Manitoba voters, made good points by 19 seats a million. Manitoba

Liberals pledged to go on road with three-figure member John Turner to postcard budget day and after the by-election in Saskatchewan, where the most recent Liberal administration in the West ended with the ouster of Ross Thatcher's government back in 1975, the party is only marginally better off. Of the three federal seats in the province, only Winnipeg-Minotaur, Glen Liang is considered a safe bet to survive the next election. Provincially, the party is struggling to stay ahead of the resurgent Conservatives in official opposition to Allan Blakeney's new government.

Now, since Saskatchewan Liberals are proposing a fairly Decemist solution to the party's plight. Provincial leader David Sewell wants to step down in December, and a leading contender for his job is Tony Merchand, a Saskatchewan lawyer who is Glen Liang's brother-in-law. Merchand, who has worked hard for the federal party in the past, believes that the building of the federal party constitution has become too much to bear and advocates a clean break between the provincial and federal party organizations. Merchand's proposal plan would lead to the establishment of a separate Saskatchewan Liberal Party with its own constitution. The model would be the arrangement that the Liberals have worked out with Ontario and Ontario those would be provincial and federal party presidents and separate lead-managing organizations says Merchand. "We will go from man and wife to kissing cousins. We are fed up fighting provincial elections in federal ones. I don't want to see the Liberals in power. The establishment of two organizations within the party just takes some of the fun out of it." The beleaguered Manitoba Liberals, allied with the Liberals in Ontario, but denied that splitting would achieve little.

The other hope for the party's revival in the west, presumably lies with the federally appointed commission. Manitoba's Lloyd Axworthy believes that the party's future lies with the west and that the key to winning on Canada's Plains "Maybe what is happening in the West today is comparable to Quebec in the 1960s," he says. "A new direction has been reached in that region, and the west needs to find its own. It is accompanied by the John Wayne syndrome, a polarized left-right split which is very dangerous in the rest of the country. There is no need for Liberal expression of what is happening here. Yet I believe that if the West is to have its own strength, the Liberals have to be a part of the debate."

NICHOLAS HILL

## OTTAWA

### A conspiracy of silence

SECRET CONVENTIONS, REPEATED: Over the years these three words, typewritten in capital letters on a wide variety of documents have become favored implements of federal government policy. They've been tagged on everything from plans for



Cooper, Bryden and Bryden—three men who think the public has a right to know—and Robertson, who decidedly doesn't

where Trudeau's government voice of a "new society" after Ottawa's wage and price controls are destined to government inspectors reports on individuals in the Yukon, from the minister for the economy on takeovers by the federal Foreign Investment Review Agency to the salary of Air Canada's publicly paid president Claude Taylor and from the terms of a new nuclear deal to foreign transfers to the domestic Prime Minister and Trudeau's reduce board members pool.

Every passing month presents a fresh instance of the needless desecration in the name of secrecy. At the University of Saskatchewan, it recently was informed that a report on the urban impact of Ottawa's environmental policies was not available. She found a copy in the library of Alberta's Conservative government in Edmonton. Last summer the federal government refused to release inspection reports on sanitary conditions in Canadian meat plants. But the information furnished can be readily available at the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. In a typical but revealing disclosure of secrecy as a state of mind, one of the first official acts of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's new government, Jean Charest, was to refuse to report his boss was leaving for his recent working vacation in the Middle East. The reporter John Warner, who wanted to find the departure, learned the same from a security guard at 24 Sussex Drive.

As parliament prepared to resume this month, pressure was mounting for legislation to guarantee access to non-classified government information. Advocates of greater freedom of "sunshine law" which would allow an independent federal body to force disclosure inside the Commons' Association of Canada, C.D. Lewis, Robert Cooper, Norman Macdonald and hockey star Ken Dryden and former lawyer minister John Turner (who, however, is not remembered for any passion for freedom of information when he was in the Trudeau cabinet). The staunch proponent of a more open style of government is Conservative MP G.D. Baskin.

Freedom of information law says the 69-year-old Alberta lawyer who has led the reform campaign in parliament "won't bring the information that I will put some weapons in our hands and make it brief and the civil service purely three reasons. Either we purchase this way or we'll put it the way they do in Lebanon and Ireland." All the indications suggest that the Trudeau government is prepared to limit the only for laws requiring agencies disclosure of government information for fear of maintaining a policy of secrecy in the name of national security. The speech from the Throne included an undertaking to the Canadian secret to federal line on themselves. But Ottawa most likely to be based on the broader principle of disclosure. Although a final decision had not been made in time for the throne speech, the hearing was that the Trudeau government over the next few months would set the rule for a disclosure law in favor of releasing cabinet members to be more free in the release of information. The speaker with this approach, notes a knowledgeable federal official, is that "there of any secrets there is no minister for a better reason to release information. It might embarrass himself or his minister and violate the Official Secrets Act."

A prime objective of the secret spin is Gordon Robertson, 69, a 30-year veteran of the federal bureaucracy who is now the number two man in the powerful Privy Council Office. In a speech last month, Robertson admitted that "most of the articles separate a fear of national security to government documents from special interests—the media. Members of Parliament, the present groups and the academics. The public interest represented in access to government documents is not a public interest which is clearly present in the public interest."

Robertson and his allies apparently confess the legitimate right of any government to maintain a confidential style of internal policy deliberations with the public's right to information that engages on the level of cabinet decisions. And he adds, which have progressive right to information

law, internal government working papers are confidential. The U.S. Freedom of Information Act, which puts the onus on government to declassify, why documents should not be released in such a vehicle for controlling the secret state of the White House. What the act has done, among other things is to bring to light the harassment of political dissidents, the use of the media to hoodwink opponents of the Nixon regime, ecological threats such as the contamination of water supplies in New Mexico and the health hazards presented by silicone in cosmetic surgery and Red Dye II in various foods.

In Canada, the view that prevents in official circles is that proposals of disclosure are rather dangerous and people concerned only in political gain and cabinet documents. The power of leaks and press by newspaper reporters is not surprising the perception is highly sensitive to journalists—that an organized disclosure to secrecy reigns on the media. That perception is not a journalistic failure. In 1974 Donald Watt as official of the Privy Council Office, conducted a study of government information handling and concluded the government's "best stance could be summed up as 'When in doubt, classify it.' "Noting that cabinet activities usually arise for meetings with 10 paragraphs of documentation. "Well concluded," "It must mean public information emerging is weighed in ounces (foot in grams)." ROBERT LEWIS

#### Riot in Cell Block Canada

The message loudly posted on an old bulletin hanging on the floor to a doctored cell block in the St. Penitentiary, caught the essence of the matter. "Under new management," it boasted. After six months of a nationwide war between inmates striking to end the war of the century-old fortress in New Westminster, and a group of them holding a young guard hostage for more than 10 hours, the prisoners seemed more content. "This is not a normal riot," one of the inmates ex-



Aftermath of prisoner mutiny at Laval: It's a 'new situation, who's winning?'

plained. "There has been no demand for escape. This is a movement."

And by the end of the first week of October, to the satisfaction of the province, the chaos of prison workings is clearly not yet prison system (see page B1) and the conservation of newly appointed Solicitor General Francis Fox. The movement seemed to have spread. Across the country in Quebec's Laval Institute—the province's largest—364 prisoners revolted setting fire to the main cell block and then embarking on a prolonged hunger strike to block demands to be transferred out of the notoriously overcrowded prison. In the five-year-old Mulvey, maximum security prison in Ontario, inmates wrecked 100 cells in two days of uprisings before they were finally quelled by tear gas. And at Saskatchewan's Prince Albert Peniten-

tentiary, a lone inmate who was a psychiatric nurse issued a fierce prospect by holding his division hostage for an hour while he demanded and won a "smile."

The riot at the St. Pen was partly riot. There were no armed prisoners, clearly displaying to get out, but extremely well-organized and for all the damage inflicted on their physical surroundings, surprisingly self-controlled members of a maximum demanding better living conditions, access to the media and no physical reprisals for their actions.

But in Ottawa, Paul Gosselin, vice-president of the Public Service Alliance of Canada, the union representing more than 3,000 public employees, warned that a "conspiracy to smash and destroy all federal prison institutions" is afoot and should be used by members of citizens' advisory groups working within prisons to better re-

lations between the state and prison administration. "This is not a riot," said Gosselin, "it was a riot because people of this country and criminals. If the guards don't get the support of the people I don't know if they will have the nerve to continue."

But countless they did, when threats of mass resignation to protest the agreement that ended the St. Pen siege did not materialize. The union vowed it would not sit back to the riots, arguing a deal that gave the St. Pen inmates a say in who could supervise their security (the news) was immoral and dangerous. The conservative New Westminster clearly felt they were wrong. But, as Ron Sims, a lawyer sitting for their committee pointed out, "Victory in this case is somewhat illusory but also short-lived. All something like that does is increase the fear."

However, if the riot was increased, so was the public loss of security in the prisons, and if the inmates thought that was the only "new management," in operation, they got a well-deserved lesson. Prisoners fed up with a 15-minute prison period after another in the first two weeks of his new current posting, Fox had mostly taken only token steps, such as guaranteeing he would give up his position as planning unit such absolute proposals to the St. Pen. But before the end of the week, perhaps reacting to what he described as still unbalanced reports of a conspiracy, Fox promptly announced the government would not tolerate prison disorders, and would more quickly to quell them, with the action with the army, with tear gas, and with anything else needed to convince inmates "there is nothing to give by that type of action."

In Vancouver, it was the guards' turn to feel nervous and vindicated. "It looks like the corrections system finally has a boss it can look up to," proclaimed one guard on a radio call-in show, while John Lakeman, local spokesman for the union, agreed, explaining it was "a good thing to let the inmates know where they stand."

Inside the St. Pen, although a negotiated agreement had secured the release of 21-year-old guard Wayne Culbert, there was no guarantee the prisoners would be made up again. "It is important to say that the main issue was it is to happen," warned James Speers, a reporter for The Vancouver Free Press and a member of the citizens' committee authorized to be present in the prison during the transfer of all prisoners. The 236 inmates whose rights had been destroyed in the struggle of the new wing were sleeping and living on the floor of the maximum. Damage to the prison had been estimated at \$13 million and because of the Laval and Mulvey uprisings, industrial union which had been looking for places to house the prisoners.

"We have no normal system here," admitted prison spokesman Jack Shaw, a statement that caused the post-riot reminder that the aged, whose fortress has been in constant upheaval since February, 1973,



when the list of a series of more hostage-takings is as if which took the life of social worker Mary Brennan's) took place.

Consistent with prison policy, criminal charges were to be laid against the leaders of the recent riot, and the next hostage-takings. In the meantime, prisoners are placing their hopes on a public inquiry of the system, one of the pleas they would make responsible to find the hostages. Lawyers and outsiders connected with the prison (and stress the need for a preplanned public) to understand the case are not trying to get out of paying their debts but only trying to minimize their debt. To Michael Puck, a University of British Columbia law professor and a member of the citizens committee for the details the prisoners are making a case with an emerging pattern in society in which "people on the lowest rung—welfare recipients and prison inmates—whose lives are locally controlled by the system are saying, 'Look, we're people too'... in their respect it's part of a civil rights movement." While Jackson scoffs the conspiracy theory, he does concede "there's a network of information across the country. When the lid goes off in one place it sparks another incident, somewhere else."

One of the ways to defuse tension in the prison is to argue Jackson and others in "short power with the cops—let the cops say it." Why not make the cops a pilot project? he asks. But that is the major fear of the guards: locked into an adversarial system that says if there are problems as much as the cops. "You let the inmates run the prison and you'll lose most of your staff," warns John Lickstein.

In Ottawa, although everyone seemed to agree it was time for a change in the prison system, one last question was to do it. For facing budget problems and community hostility in his drive to phase out the older maximum security prison (very few towns or communities would welcome another maximum security institution in their midst) he decided to use the new program to replace such a maximum security in the BC Pen and Federal.

And Paul Gasson of the guards' union, got angry when asked whether there should be more extensive screening of guards and a further screening process to weed out the troublemakers. "Why not screen the inmates?" he snapped. "That's what we really need—a higher quality inmate."

JACQUES THIRION

## Condemned without trial

For 15 years, slender dark-haired Manohar Leduc worked in a medical secretary's office in Levin, Que. One day, St. Lawrence river from Quebec City. She planned to marry her accountant boyfriend André Bernier. Then the couple took off for a few days in a long-awaited dream vacation in India. It was during that trip



Leduc: a case of guilt by association?

according to Bernier, that Manohar Leduc had a fateful meeting with a man named Charles Sobhraj, a 32-year-old charmer and dealer in precious stones who operated under a variety of aliases—Alisa Gauthier, Alisa Dupuis, Charles Dumont, Jean Beliveau and Lisa Dumont. In the opinion of Indian police, Sobhraj and his business was robbery and murder and the current evidence Leduc was his lover and principal accomplice in a series of bloody and violent crimes. After a series of 18 murders and thefts from drugged victims who loved to tell the tale. In July, Leduc, 31, was arrested by Indian police on suspicion of extortion, fraud, theft, kidnapping and murder for which she could be hanged.

Leduc met Sobhraj, who is of mixed French-Vietnamese and Indian parentage outside a travel agency in Kashmir. It was also co-located Bernier, very simple just the way one meets a multitude of people in such a life. But Sobhraj seemed to start a magnetic spell. By the summer of 1973, after Bernier and Leduc had returned to Canada, Leduc had been convinced by and to return to Sobhraj, where she was installed in his Indian apartment in Bangkok, Thailand. The gray crime spree was first noticed when an 18-year-old Australian girl, who was last seen alive in Sobhraj's apartment, was found dead last October in a lake, wrapped in a plastic bag and buried in a bush near Bangkok. At the end of November the body of a Turk

who had dined with Sobhraj over the life of some diamonds was found drowned with gasoline and kerosene from the wine up on the same beach. Later, the bodies of two Dutch travelers were found on a road south of Bangkok. In January, a British embassy woman sent to Bangkok police described "Sobhraj" as a man who is the central business of the business would frequent the latest known hotel in Bangkok, picking up young persons whom he would discover had stolen cheap, befriended them on the pretext of buying stones, take them back to his flat where he would wine and dine them, invite them to stay, and ultimately extract their money and valuables, disposing of them in the manner of the Dutch couple.

Thus police seemed reluctant to act. But after pressure from Dutch and U.S. diplomats this spring, they burst into the apartment where Sobhraj and Leduc lived and found passports belonging to murder victims, hypodermic needles and bottles of strychnine. The two were taken to police headquarters, not released on bail. While police throughout southeast Asia begin to piece together the murder puzzle, the lovers set out on travels that took them to Malaysia, Hong Kong, India, Pakistan, Switzerland, France, Germany and Turkey in less than a year. Last December they were in Nepal, where police are now seeking their extradition on charges of murdering Canadian Laurent Carrier, 30, of Ottawa-born, Montreal, and American Catharine Borengrath, 29. After short hops both to Bangkok, Sobhraj and Leduc were issued as Indians, India where an Israeli was found drugged and strangled.

Sobhraj was finally arrested in New Delhi after a frenzied man was found dead at his hotel room. The man who had slipped through police hands so many times before had apparently grown careless. He was seen in the cities of Agartala and Jaipur with a group of 40 French tourists who had been offered pills, supposedly to cure their colds, and were up in hospital after taking them. Some were able to identify photographs, and pointed out Sobhraj.

Leduc, who was arrested a few days later, also in New Delhi, has yet to be charged with any crime. And under the laws imposed by Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi it could be two years before that happens if a message smuggled out of New Delhi's Thane prison, where she is being held, Leduc, who insists that she is innocent, recently appeared to fellow Canadians. "Please help me everybody. Don't abandon me. I beg you." Former boyfriend Bernier has received communication from her and is still waiting, but her Montreal lawyer, Raymond Duval and Daniel Ruck, feel there is little they can do now except hope for their client. Chances external affairs ministry is equally powerless. "We can't interfere in the internal machinations of another country," says Alec McNeill of External Affairs.

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# The riddle of Nelson Small Legs

Why should the FBI or the CIA infiltrate the Canadian Indian movement? Perhaps because the United States wants to see the Mackenzie Valley pipeline built

By Marci McDonald



AIM warrior Clinton Healey in movement headgear, mapping the familiar nation

To the west, over the Rockies, stern clouds of quicksilver are gathering with a terrible beauty, but here in the spare rolling foothills of the Stoney Indian reservation at Morley, Alberta, the stillness hangs thick and electric. It is not at all as expected to be. Only two hours earlier, I had been asked to catch the last plane of the day out of Calgary when the phone rang. "Boy says to tell you that they've occupied the head office at Morley," a girl's voice said. Nothing there. But that was enough. It was the call that I had been warning about a month for in some come, predictable, deep-down-in-the-bones way. The call that promised to do together some of the missing ritual pieces, sacred characters and prepositioned outlines of a strange and unsettling (you puzzle) I had watched taking shape before me over the weeks. But in the end the call was as much of a surprise as

this surreal suspension of all sensation that hangs now over the hills of Morley. It is quiet, too quiet, in our car roots off the Trans-Canada Highway and down the reserve's long gravel spine-of-way—the roads all oddly deserted, as if the settlement's heart has just been evacuated, in the fields so hushed of movement, in the break overnight for no child's cry or mother's bark. Then at the end of the road, we sit in the flutter of a Canadian maple leaf flag hanging spread from the balcony of the lumber A-frame in ball administration office where only hours before, in the midst of a quiet-announcing head council meeting, 30 Indians brooding rifles and the mid torments of the American Indian Movement (AIM) had piled out of a economy of rain and pickup trucks, raised up the mud embankment and hosed through the door, decaying changes of administrative corrupt and waving him of demands for reform, then commencing the building and docking it out to upgrade down Canadian flags, the traditional sac signal of welcome which has come to signify land's possession, a symbol of the Indian nation in distress.

They have despoiled the three chiefs and councilmen to spread their denials among the people and bring back an answer. Even at this very moment under the despoiled cloak of this calm, the fires is spreading through the reserve like a brush fire, tempering living, rage formed by shock and resentment, and by dark a mistle, smoldering crowd will have gathered down at the end of the road in the big front hall been so last evening circle in arms, in Stoney—more than 250 young bucks to cowboy boots and stonies ready to rock the A-frame, to give flags raising to root out these traditions, the threat of Indian nation against Indian in an uppy vision hatching tonight as the night air.

But for now there is only the silence and



Devoted Small Legs, his father Nelson Sr., just behind him, carries a portrait of his brother at an AIM-sponsored commemoration in Calgary. A week later AIM forces took over the administration offices at Morley (left) and uprushed 30 hours of time, if bloodless, sleep

the waiting. As we pull into the parking lot, we can make out the heads of houses of two six security guards standing vigil on the balcony, wearing the helmet with a side's disoriented telescopic sight. They perk in out through its lens, then recognize we are motion a photographer and myself up the hill. As we approach, as some considerable suddenly materialized from a blue screen half-hidden off the roadway and under cover to try to dissuade us. "I can't stop you from going in there, but I would strongly advise against it," he says. More than once during the long night that is to follow, as it is made clear to me that I am a house, when a willing one, we're asked to stay from our feet and the fury of the

Stoney crowd below, I will wonder why I have not listened.

But I have come to the West to search of answers about the status of Indian nation, and after half a summer of driving over dusty reserve roads and flying over walled Northwest Territorial guardposts, after countless rendezvous in bus stations, book stores and panel trucks, I have found only questions—questions to burn and to burn that years of research could not document or resolve them. I have come in quest of the American Indian Movement in Canada, delving for a sense of its rise and influence, a wandering on its own terms and its own, and along the way I have happened upon a broken trail of mistrust and anger, of propaganda and paranoia, word games of murder and misadventure medicine communism, whispering hints of CIA and Communist infiltration, secret uses of gun-running and constant threat evangelical shovels, extravaganzas, plots and conspiracies.

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During those weeks, the only thing that has become clear is that a handful of disgruntled and opposing forces are locked into a gamble over the fate of the Canadian Indian people in a crap game where all the dice appear loaded and there will probably never be any clear winner—a game where the stakes are so high that they could determine the future of this country. It's a game that has no end, and even the prize cannot fall to be down in so both prize and players—a fact of which I have suddenly become very, very aware. But if I am to know anything at all of what I have come here for, some of the women at least lay at the top of this unexpected rampart, behind a bejeweled orange door.

The curtains are all drawn against the dusk and distant rifle fire, only the bulb from a windowless hall washroom casting a murky half-light. As the door swings shut behind me and I slink back to my quarters, I take a moment to make out the four figures crowded on the balcony against the threshold, peered over me with brute wooden truncheons and baseball bats. One of them, a tall, dark Blackfoot from the distant Pagan reserve, will later strike up an acquaintance, but four-foot Chibchola clutched in one arm, he'll say, "They call me The Enforcer," he says. His face is devoid of expression behind shades of brown hair, and his eyes are glazed with a strange sort of madness, as if they have seen horrors beyond the scope of his 19 years. It is an average age among the tiny armed band.

The others all bustle about making preparations for the long night's occupation, avoiding bluntness, passing out canteens of doughnuts and bannocks and setting up walkie-talkies. There are wires here and babies too, and two toddlers scamper through the legs of lookouts in a game of tag that gives the whole thing a disconcerting sense of celebration, which is misleading. For as mosquitoes phone dunks start to ring in on the switchboard—hoarse warnings of Shoney going by—my way out is the darkness to climb-wig down and swim—over thought, into gravity in the air. "I know when I wake is how that I might never walk out alive," The Enforcer says.

Still, I feel no fear. Over those weeks the cast of characters here has become a familiar one. Devotion Small Legs, the 22-year-old chief of one country with the head of a small bowmaker and scarlet ornaments flaring from his braids, who searches me for weapons. Don Keller, the retired 38-year-old AIM machine man from Marlay with his curious third hand knitted like a cigar and in the centre of his forehead, rumors about his powers sending apples of destruction flying through some of the Shoney's windows, although he is the nominal leader of this occupation. Roy Littlechief, AIM's taciturn postmarked writer, distant, who is the actual allowed master of the gate behind us, and Ed Bernack, the tall, long

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34-year-old who is a spokesman for Canadian director, just flown in from Europe for the occasion, a Belfast native) got stuck in his black over cap, in the statue-looking leather boots dangling from his midlength poodle hairdo, his costume complete as they pulled around a red-shrouded war division the once-overwhelming presence in the hall is that of a man who is no longer among them: the shadow of Nelson Small Legs Jr., the 23-year-old Blackfoot of Canadian descent in Southern Alberta who had channeled all his bitterness and frustration at the white world into this movement and that he got Sunday last May like being slowly and deliberately drenched himself in the scarlet paint of his own blood, he had performed the sacred rite of the sweat lodge he had been initiated into carefully placed his head beaded dancing shirt, his hair eagle feathers and pipe on a Fortman officer table along with three elegant hand-sculpted wooden bowls, one of them denouncing an unnamed cause, the Department of Indian Affairs and the resignation of its last minister held because, then laid down on the plaid sofa in his empty living room draped in the scarlet Pagan day and pulled down on his Piker Hall hanging—a 20-McGill soldier held swirling through his hair.

It is nearly six months now since the death of Nelson Small Legs—an month since he has been exhumed in a hurry for his people. All through the long cool summer there has been a sense of violence about to explode in the town, but then nothing. The spark of a brief visit here, a small ancestral only there, a minor roadblock. But nothing of impact until the weekend before this ceremony when one litigant passed a massive three-day powwow in his memory in the Calgary Stampede grounds. His father, Nelson Sr., who is a Pagan band contractor for a one-eyed giant of a man, recognized in orange-banded beaded and feathers, but led the great assembly month to a drum's slow tempo followed by Dawson Small Legs and the two dozen named young of Calgary AM each carrying his black head dress, the women respected young women on like solemn movements each week from every wall and shaded grave. It is no more coincidence that this confrontation at Morley has erupted the very next day. The roles of Nelson Small Legs are everywhere—on the news, on the radio, on the streets, from young people's shoulders proclaiming AM's colors, the big round Day-Glo beanie they had peddled at one dollar apiece still hanging from cigarette and hand with the remainder strewn everywhere. Now all the young men, even the head officer, Don Rider, the man who taught Nelson Small Legs the mysteries of the medicine man leaves no doubt to allow it. "This is the first step of Nelson's demands," he says. Then he rolls over on the collapsed canvas skin of a trapper spread under a lopsided portrait of the Queen and

looks at his name alone to hear how the news is getting out.

"Squawking" take the news cassette "No," he says, and he hands me a magazine of Nelson Small Legs' death, the colors on the shirt and vest as in some like a net piece. It is a week before the sign in Morley and I have come to the Pagan Indian reserve at Pucker Creek, had by Fort Macleod, the historical home of the Northwest Mounted, on my search for his legacy. But I have found only a rank of runners on the hot day wind which rattles over the bright mound of plaque below their heads in the grave, making dust and questions. I was during this week I have been told



AM warriors getting the Morley steps

that Nelson Small Legs died with a curse on his head from a white medicine man against whom he had waged a bitter campaign. Once, that he had had a falling out with the U.S. Indians of a one-eyed giant, a missionary. And once that the word was out among his fellow Indians in April that he was a new Indian. But the dark allegation that reinforces most often and most surely is that his death was not suicide at all.

The new cassette depicts any doubts on this matter. "No way—the case is absolutely closed," he shakes his head. He has since been to be helped—indeed the crime force has been so extraordinarily helpful that an officer from the special investigation squad devoted to investigating

this country's internal security has turned up at Pucker Creek the same day I have, although I have given him no warning that I am coming, and an RCMP police officer has telephoned me, solicited to offer his services and facilities. "You know, of course, that Nelson's wife had just left him," he says. The message can hardly be mistaken. This was a guy who was depressed—maybe a mixed-up kid with personal problems. But Aubrey, his first, first, second, 22-year-old son says that Nelson sent her to stay with her parents that weekend, just a month earlier, in the midst of a Saskatchewan powwow, he had recently telephoned his own parents in the dead of night to go fetch her and the children because he feared for their lives. What becomes clear in any conversation with the Moieties is that they have been dazzled at the great coverage of Nelson Small Legs' death—last night placed in the headlines of national papers, the TV cameras zooming in on a shocked and in his wearing, "John Buchanan better get his holy spirits"—and now they have an investment in a little public relations of their own. It is not as the national catalyst for Nelson Small Legs to be remembered in a state and matter. "His death is the best thing that's happened to us, and they're exploiting it to the hilt," says the son. But it is also a time when that could go off at any moment—a possible rallying point for the 600 of Alberta Indians who are 16 and under—and there is no doubt that the RCMP has no interest in it.

They spend hours telling me that the American Indian Movement consists of no more than two dozen kids with no grassroots support—despite days of demonstrating, any form of resistance. It is a common exercise considering that the RCMP had spent enough time and energy in the surveillance of Nelson Small Legs to provide him with a press conference last February to protest their harassment—complaining of harassment and stopped him constantly on the highway and placed him continuously who photographed him at every airport. But it is an even more common exercise considering the fact that only one year ago the RCMP reported to their superior Patrick Walter Allard, now the new Minister of Indian Affairs, that Canada's Indian militants were "the principal threat to national security."

Now, as they deny that security report and maintain AM's members, it is interesting to see that it took a mere eight months of so-called terrorism that the October riots and catch the RCMP itself off guard. There are no more than 100 AM members today. But I know as much about AM as the police do. As I sit in a dimmed light in a half afternoon with a security squad officer wearing police cowboy boots, he confirms that "You'd have to look for and we'd have to look for a real threat in Alberta. Outdoors, you look at it as

going up guys—no way." Six days later I will meet him on the ground but outside the armed steps at Morley.

A full movie is making over the Morley trial—national television office. Inside, in the small hall of warriors crowded the seat down to raise AM's high burning obligation. Ed Burmick kneels in a darkened room. "If there is violence, this could be an actual 'Wounded Knee,'" he says quietly. In fact, the better 75-day siege of Wounded Knee on the Sioux River today reserve in South Dakota, began much the same way in the spring of 1893 when a small AM cadre determined in protest against the local tribal council chairman, provoking a massive paramilitary response—Militia with tanks and squads of troops which bloodied and choked them where they still reverberating throughout the Indian nation. For most of the world, it was AM's public debut, although the movement had around five years earlier in Minnesota when a failed of Indian resistance led by Dennis Banks decided to take the losses of cultural pride and heritage learned in self-black movements—rising seasons out beyond the price with Ed Burmick had heard of them in his childhood when American a lucky semi-seen Cree who had been born on a reserve north of Edmonton, dropped out of school after grade nine and set off in search of the know not what—but a manly until he joined the one-sided occupation of Alcatraz and curfew of Broken Towers, which led to a take-over of situations in Washington. That he realized he had begun to find one of the scenes he sought, and came back to Canada to beat the drums for AM.

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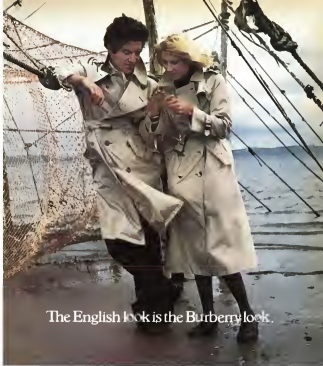
with reason and logic.

It is history now that the catalyst behind the bloody Chicago shoot-out that killed Black Panther leader Fred Hampton was a paid fix informer: William O'Brien, who had penetrated the party on duty that he was Hampton's personal bodyguard. It is also history that, until his copy was blown by careless court documents last summer, the chief source of information on him in the United States was a link-making, phony-sounding informant by the name of Douglas Durham, a former Marine who had dyed his hair black, donned brown contact lenses and Indian turquoise and posing as a photographer for an underground Iowa newspaper, recruited himself into the movement during Wounded Knee with such success that he spent nearly two years as director of S&M's U.S. security and Domestic Frontier personal pilot and friend. Durham might be an unscrupled technician to history — put in S&M's Circle has been largely well used to the organization in the United States — if his trail had not spilled over the border, sending out tremors both strange and unnerving.

For after Wounded Knee, Durham had turned Durkin into a nameless Northwest Territories Indian community where his contacts in the midst of a church service provoked temporary hysteria in the part of the people and in oil police, the following summer he also flew into Ontario at the same 24-day occupation of Kananis's Amnashuk Park. Since then, his identity revealed, Durham may have proved even more useful. Not quite two weeks after the siege at Morley, a seven-month-old U.S. Senate subcommittee report will be released to the press in which Durham claims that arms and explosives are being smuggled across the Canada-U.S. border: this is a secret cache of guns and bombs still has landed in both Amnashuk Park and the Northwest Territories and that the American Indian Movement in Canada has direct links to the Communist Party. This the press will dutifully report, although by now it has been a repeatedly documented fact of disruption in the public eye about any dissident group by taking them both with guns and the direct aspects of Communism.

Certainly, if seen as a kidnapping weapon, they are not on display here in this make shift fortress at Morley. Even during the most tense moments of the siege, the radio was still on. "What chance do you think a handful of Indian warriors pose would have anyway," says Davidson Small, Legs, "against all the forces that the police and army can call out?" Still, he does not back off from the thought of a violent clash. "We're ready," he says. "We've been pushed. Society has pushed us on this far."

As for the accusation of Communist backing, there is no doubt that some members such as Yves Harper of the Toronto Workers Society are active. Maxine MacLean, in that various factions of the far left in Canada have stitched themselves to



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the Indian cause like others in a tree. But Ed Burnstick and the crew crew of that book got out of their way to dislocate themselves from that as every racing—reversing the Maroon-Lemans and their leaves fairly away from the door of a small Native Small Leg's national rally in Toronto, even dropping out of the Native People's Cause to Parliament Hill halfway across the country when he felt it had been taken over by the Maroon and the Maroon. That day, in fact, he hosted a leadership battle at AHS—his last even tho it is surrounded by strange circumstances and connections.

In mid-July Ed Burnstick picked up a newspaper at Edmonton and read that he had been fired as AHS's Canadian director by a national assembly in Vancouver. The statement had been issued by an Alberta MHA called named Les Moore, who has since disappeared and disappeared. But more again the press definitely printed the statement without posing the questions behind it. Not only had Ed Burnstick never conceived a national assembly in Vancouver, but he never to have in a way had attended it beyond a tight-knit band of American and Canadian diaspora in Vancouver who were either working for the defense of Wounded Knee veterans Leonard Peltier or linked to the Maroon-Lemans. In the confusion that followed, 15 of the 23 AHS Canada's press pledged their support behind Burnstick, but it has

left the movement mystified and uneasy. He was a man with contacts and resources of the highest that Ed Burnstick is an ex-soldier, another that there is a contrast out among Indian groups his life. If vested interests were waging a war of dirty tricks to divide and conquer the American Indian Movement in Canada, they could not have succeeded more brilliantly. The question is who could those vested interests be?

Circling around AHS like moths to a human flame of whose identity pressure with various versions of events to promote—all of them American most of them immigrants to Canada around the time of the 1910 crisis when foreign governments might have had a more than passing interest in our national security and at least a few whose headquarters have a variety of surveillance to that of Douglas Derham's. There is, for instance, a Michigan file and graduate who says he avoided the draft by paying a psychiatrist to testify he was unfit to serve, although he demonstrates a deep knowledge of military tactics, and who claims to have been involved with the Weathermen at college although he tells scornfully of "Canamex." As the land-lord of a short-lived Toronto hippie paper and a self-styled representative of our rap images, he first caught our attention of was just after Wounded Knee offering them gifts, smuggled videotapes of the occupation, then volunteering as a

secretly needed fund-raiser. In the course of it he attacked himself as Native Small Leg, when he once provided to punch himself and observed none that he seems to have an obsession with talking about genocide warfare and revolution. "Albany's a powder keg about to go off," he will tell me more than once when I had been—temporarily lying low in a house with an altar piece on one wall and a history of the force in the bookcase.

There is also the brilliant Owen Green River who admits he spent three years training Vietnamese marooners in guerrilla warfare as special forces experts in North Carolina and Texas before he defected north to Panther Creek and set up his own Indian banders II state. Trying to learn the specifics of the Indian revolution movement, he cultivated the friendship of Nelson Small Legs, who, he says, more than once asked him about the possibility of setting up a web of radio communications systems and Indian guerrilla warfare, although he is careful to point out that he always refused. Still he is full of dark hints and sinister suggestions that cast a pall of doubt over all I hear, spreading the sense that no one can be trusted. It is a feeling that the members of AHS know well. "I don't trust anybody," says Donald Small Legs quickly. "We know there are leaks but we can't put our finger on them and we know that the CIA is involved." Over and over again, I am told



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that the CIA is involved. But as I went out the night at Morley, the question that remains unanswered is not so much how, is why?

The Windsor Twin Otter crashes early over a tiny log settlement which suddenly appears over one wing up, then hovers, dips and dumps the glassy oil into Lac La Martre where it damages Mr. Jacques Thibault Berger and his traveling road show, better known as the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry. For nearly two years and hundreds of thousands of air miles he has taken his royal commission out to the people of the Northwest Territories as what may be the most remarkable political process of this country's history, journeying in the remotest fish camps and Arctic villages to see and hear in person how the building of a natural gas pipeline and subsequent energy corridor down the Mackenzie Valley will affect them, let alone if one should be built—a decision that was not finally with the government after his report is finished last day fall here, with winds up the hinterland of community hearings in Lac La Martre, the surrounding consensus is as eloquent. No. In the shipboard meeting hall where he presides from behind a white-clothed table, the people struggle forward to one their vote in this epic and relentless—accused banners with faces worn by the scenes, women with puppets along in flower sheets across their back, even small children. "No pipeline, please," was after another repeat.

This community is 3,000 miles away from the completion of Morley—light years from the confessions and humiliations of reservation life. Here, dignity comes with a vast territorial landscape as a main region for hundreds of miles over forests, lake-free land in pursuit of the carbon that will feed and clothe his family all winter. But there are connections too. It was to this community and its near Rae Lake that Douglas Durburn flew out under Denies Bunka after Wounded Knee. And it was here, in the heart of the Dogrib nation, that the battle between the two sons, James Wiley Shier and George Erasmus, both born in neighboring Rae, was waged most bitterly for the presidency of the Northwest Territories Indian Brotherhood this past year—fueled by a swirl of rumor, suggestions of Communist infiltration and dignities out of page breaking. It is here too, as the hearing drags on into the night, that one of the young community leaders, a 27-year-old man—somehow now named Mike Natus, suddenly invokes the name of a southern stranger, Nelson Small Legs Jr., in his plea to prevent the pipeline. "I read about you he killed himself," he says later. "He's showing us we should fight for ourselves even if it means a death."

The pieces of the pipeline violence and slowly come together. One by one, they take on the shape connecting them that



### The Charlie Burch.

(Smirnoff and whiskey)

A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor his one present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we posit the simple formula again, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from



plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say. To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.

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centres around the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. For there is no doubt that the struggle of the people who call themselves the Dene Nation in the Northwest Territories to have their land claims recognized—to win their prior or land title and self-determination, not money and recognition of legal land rights as happened over the James Bay hydro project—is the major issue of the native movement as this continent. The Dene are not a band of onto reserves and representing the majority of the North's population have a strength and bargaining power that the rest of their northern brethren have already lost. "This is the last stand," as Ed Bernstein says.

Should the government try to spend them and go ahead with the pipeline, there has been every indication during the course of the Burger inquiry that violence loomed ugly and inevitable on the horizon. No ringing rhetorical promises—just a quiet case by statement of fact. "If your nation becomes as weak as to let a pipeline through over land," 31-year-old former chief Frank Thistle of Fort Good Hope, one of the new generation of young leaders, had told Judge Berger. "Then we leave our land and our future energy to blow up the pipeline. It is to that that a school child can know the freedom of the land that I am willing to lay down my life."

The question of the pipeline has built a strong Indian Brotherhood in the North

and the process of the Burger inquiry has gradually politicized the people to take their stand behind it and become aware of their choice. But on the pipeline hangs not only the future of the Indians in this country, but also the larger question of Canadian sovereignty. Through the Burger inquiry it has become clear that the main reason for the pipeline is to bring the energy reserves of the North not to eastern Canada, but down through Alberta and into the American Midwest, where they are badly needed. Washington's new ambassador in Ottawa, Thomas Linders, has spent the better part of his appointment touring the country reminding us of the need to assert our resources—in the wake of a trail of independence that he is here specifically to see that the pipeline goes through. And if the chief theme is that pipeline is Indian sovereignty, who would have a greater interest in seeing it stopped out—either by financing enough to provide an excuse for repression or by disrupting its economic significance—than the agencies of our good neighbor to the South. We have seen how far the United States would go in Panama with less at stake. What greater motive to strike an air officer than an overseas lifeline through our nation? It is a question—only a question. But it is a question that must be asked each time an oil report is leaked in the press fanning the fears of Indian industry in the North or a campaign of rumor is waged discrediting

an Indian leader as enemy. Before the death of Nelson Sadiq Kagi, after all, Louis Riel was the last great Indian figure in the native cause and as a soldier remembered, through the mists of history, that Louis Riel's rebellion of 1855 was also sparked by the issue of land claims.

Questions, and more questions. The war comes up over the tribal administration office in Morley, and in the crop morning left the upside-down Canadian flag is fluted and the leaders of war come struggling and around their war drums from raised in the Army, a sign that some of their demands have been met and the war is over. His 30th anniversary began and two at 40th anniversary them out a book read to present them against the political worth of the Stanley crowd.

Later, the Calgary papers will declare the occupation a failure because it sparked such a show of resistance from fellow Indians. But perhaps it is not so easy to judge the war and losses in the struggle. For movement now has founded an unusual path between the threat of a military and the actual outbreak of violence, since more pulled off its numerous battles and among the intense young in defiance as far Morley as silver oil, only a dress rehearsal. There is a sense of walking once more as I dove away from it. If or the largest sense of all will looms ahead on the horizon. And attention must be paid.

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# Poor little rich kid

Thanks to oil, Saudi Arabia has more money than it knows what to do with, which is a mixed blessing

By Linda Blandford

Saudi Arabia, where Prophet Muhammad was born and his religion has taken root, begs most of the Middle East's oil, has the strictest of Moslem social, and even his Mullahs up to their eyeballs in them. There's the same international rift of oiling in to get rich. There's even the same sort of hoarded money in the same way as when you go to dinner in the manner to with their guests, given gardens. Some bachelors and most Saudis will tell you that Saudi Arabia is a world of abundance, but it isn't—just yet. It wants to be, but it's still too much that child abuse and to have all the toys the adults have. For adults, read the West. Saudi Arabia meets Western technology, wants a life—good, bad, or indifferent—and wants it fast. So millions of dollars worth of contracts are up for grabs, and now every hacker and businessman in the world who's chasing money passes through Riyadh.

Only one thing is certain in this futuristic desert land: it's not about to go broke. Old King Saud, with such pet projects as the \$10-billion of the National Palace complex (complete palace for his five wives, 32 mansions for concubines and 21 palaces for other guests), alone managed to bankrupt the place. But that was before oil began to roll in. King Saud over and long before oil prices rocketed. They say King Faisal found \$100 left in his late father's pocket when he died. The royal kingdom's revenues for 1975-76 will go to \$30,000,000,000 to be spread among princely few Saudis. The government has just banned contraceptives in an attempt to boost their number, but they refuse to have a while for the millions they need to be born. It's also grow up. Meanwhile rich women are rarely asked for help in their shopping lists on their wives' behalf.

Riyadh, in the middle of this barren, empty, frightening country, is Saudi Arabia's capital—the center of government and growing every day. The hotel lobbies (back row in center) through with businessmen, nerves and respect is somewhat stretched to breaking point, lured by the rapidly alien culture. Today is an average day in the lobby of the Al Yamama Hotel. Walter Fawcett, an old African head and in the end, is doing his daily newspaper con-

versation over a cup of adulterated tea. He's been in Riyadh for three weeks. He doesn't yet know but he's doomed to be here for another three weeks. Fawcett's illness from about to sign (everybody's always about to sign a design deal for part of Saudi Arabia's new Olympic stadium. But that Riyadh could become the Olympic. For instance, no Commonwealth countries would be admitted (it's a case-up where the Saudis hate more, Communists or Zionists, most of the time they think they're plotting irregular Western conspiracy). Never. But the Saudis want the best stadium in the world, so this is what they're going to have. All of this leaves Fawcett, with his rapidly growing hair and middle-aged, wearing with pointed indignation for Prince Faisal the deal. The young prince, son of the Crown Prince, promises (in his capacity as director of youth welfare) the royal signature Fawcett needs on his contract. The whereabouts of Prince Faisal is a mystery. His office says he's not in. He might be in tomorrow. But during an absence, Allah (blessed be) willing) is a well-known powerful God might not be willing tomorrow. He very often isn't. And Prince Faisal's office staff have been saying that for a while now. Fawcett must, along with all the hotel lobby cypresses.

The lobby is sure the concubines of the 1970s, about to go to the pleasure of their Arabian masters. Everyone's tired of quaking the hotel in case The Call comes. Around the hotel, many people hold a group pushing whiteproof Cadillac. At another there's an Egyptian psychiatrist, playing anxiously with his wavy head, here to act up a psychiatric unit at the \$100 million—don't say the charge for the first stage—King Faisal Medical City up the road. ("A psychiatric unit in Riyadh?" says a government official in haste. "Nonsense, I don't exist. We don't need psychiatry, we have Islam.") But the Egyptian is real enough. He's writing on the Medical City's executive director, Jack F. Fawcett, an old football player from Macon, Georgia, "where we have the greatest Harford's good all over here.") And in case psychiatry doesn't work. Makruda Mahesh Yagi, who shot out of obscurity by the Gauguin when like Baudouin embraced him in the 1960s, has a long run now trying to

sell the Saudi Education Ministry on traditional medicine programs. But Liza has flown in to find financing for his own job, but that talk's lost as the engineers whisper to another corner. They're worried not that their foundations for a new university haven't allowed for mad money. This or the desert. It's merely denied with highest buildings. Another interdisciplinary architect from Dallas is cheerfully covering his attempts to convert post-five minutes. He's also going a study villa for the corner of a minor prince whose brother is a minister. Perhaps the villa will lead to an office and shopping complex. The flow from Dallas says he is slowly going nuts, but if he leaves and is himself out of the game he'll never be able to deal his most back in.

For the operators, it's about as easy as watching a film backward and upside-down. Everyone has his contract. Every businessman working for The Call is about to make millions. Some do, but more never and out whether their contract has a corner with the right twist. The game loses these and they go home.

At odd moments during the day and evening Saudis drop in to watch the activity. They're not to be charged an admission fee, most of them think it's up to the ace to suspect the cheaps. Westerners don't despise a taxi driver from a big hotel chef. Naimul does that while short, a shade, with the whitehead head-dress in a grey jacket. The two-colored lobby heads correct Islamic delight at seeing a newcomer coming there in a Saudi known to have no more power to arrange anything than the doorman. Probably not. At least the doorman can arrange rooms. There are few other decisions—no movies or the like.

But there is Mike, the hotel manager. Mike is a Palestinian who was moved in the United States and brought a revolution in Saudi. This back's going to be a disaster in having to leave how to handle his shoe. He's not a delicate man, so every one knows how difficult he's finding it to make without spotting his long white track as he holds a above his waist in the job. The lobby also knows that Mike has a friendly supply of Scotch that he stores, keeps ten days in his hotel's owner, a tall, Egyptian Saudi,



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puts in an appearance. But Mike's worth a few giggles. His musical phrasing is something else: he reads the late-night news in English on Saudi television—or rather stammers it, trying hard to keep his headlines from falling off. Then he rushes back to the hotel to ask the ladies how he did.

Usually, I shoot the time the patient Fawzi has a last cup of cocoa, folds his newspaper, and returns to get his strength together for another day's waiting. But tonight his boss, Mr. Fraser, is flying in Fraser, a big-hearted man, arrives in a civil blazer and white loafers. He brings news at last of the elusive young Prince Faisal. He's finally been tracked down. He's doing as well as can be expected in a London hotel suite, where he's officially at. Not so hot, though, as have been some winging, coming and dancing in Anatoli's nightclub. It's hard for the men playing the waiting game in Riyadh.

By comparison, life for a visiting Western woman in a ranch, at least the rainforest ones: Sit in the back of the car automatically without needing to be asked; be treated as if all men are to be serious as Snow White and shoot off any snark that may be mistaken as sarcasm; Don't follow Mike the Manager through the bedroom doors at two in the morning when he arrives with such a soft evening advice on how to deal with men. Don't be offended if he tells his bullshits on you around the lobby. No one will believe that any woman is less right-minded would have a man in her room. The rancher works on the assumption that most people are just being bigoted. Panama is a distance that goes with Rayuela's claustrophobia as matters goes with solitude.

[illegible]

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She has wealth and all that it buys, but she's a bird in a gilded cage

refused! The friend has disappeared and the court animal is asking himself: why whiskey. He tells me the wife's rented by a group of married men as their common "housekeeper" (domestic, usually Egyptian, and a mixer of co-sensitives: somewhat keep it well supplied) but I'm in the capital of a people," have ruled, down the nations haven't all been cooked in for politicians. There's a way out of it, keep calm. "Do you mind being here with me?" I'm my best man, really.

I'm scared stiff, but I say pleasantly, "Not at all. I'm a guest in your country and so I know you will not harm me. I'm under your protection."

I now have him in a moral dilemma. As a Saudi he's acceptable of offering on his sense of honor, as a man he's dying to jump on me. He blisters away for a time because he is about to lose face, and that's one of the worst diseases in Arab man can suffer. He even begs me to stay the night,

locking myself in one room while he sleeps in another—so that his friend won't know what's happened. I turn down this invitation. In the end the Saudi is him with out, and he moves his way toward the hotel, out to the car, and drives me back to his hotel. I enter into the lobby, shaking with relief. "Did you have a productive time?" asks Ibrahim as we share our late-night cup of coffee. "It's been boring but it's a start. How I wish something, anything, unexpected would happen."

A couple of days later a leading Saudi government official drops me off at the hotel after a more conventional business meeting at his home. As the car turns away, I see the American companion. "That man has everything. He's educated, bright, rich and successful. It has all dropped into his lap." But has it? Follow the man home out of the public eye, and you find another Riyadh. The black of spouting from the undergrowth is not in a simple living in the

political arena from heaven. Indeed the high walls of Saudi homes there are considered. That man's wife is one. How could it be otherwise?

She sits in her living room looking on cigarettes and champagne. She's in her late twenties, drinking, wearing away, her face pale and puffy. Her long slender legs hang listlessly below her short. Her conversations are short and stony. I don't. In some ways life was easier for her mother. There were eleven boys. Literacy was abolished officially only in 1962, but a wife still had work. No California-style kitchen a generation ago, no air-conditioning, no schooling abroad or glimpses of an alternative life in the presence of the women's quarters. The daughter has lost and gained from progress. Several times a week she covers her face with a mask of makeup, slides into long gowns, mechanically arranges the jewels that hold her the possession of a multimillionaire—and they go



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son together, that's what gave her *Rikyoku*. They go out to sit within the four walls of friends. Walls that can feel like a coffin.

"My father arranged our marriage when I was 16. I remember our honeymoon, sitting on the plane with this stranger, and I didn't know how to begin talking to him. I didn't know the first thing about conversation, so I had four children in four years. How could I take care of a child? I was a child myself! Now I've grown up, I'm not a child any longer, but he won't see that. You think I don't know that my husband suffers too? I've stretched out and longed for him to see that I'm not the spoiled child he's married, that he can trust me, confide in me, let me share some of his worries. He doesn't want me to grow up.

"I went to a European boarding school with normal girls. Do you know how hard it has been for me to adjust? Women can't drive here, so I can't leave the house without a driver for the car. When I do go out I have to possess a long black cloak and cover my face. I suffocate. I know other women say I disappear one day. But what about now? It's now that he not suffocates me, now that I am suffocated."

How can this woman's husband hope to understand this humiliation? He lets her out of the country to a freedom she can't handle and then brings her back to a confinement she can't bear. "Here, make my house, that's all. I decide what food must be cooked when he telephones at noon from the office to say he's bringing 10 men home for lunch. I arrange for the meal to be served, then I disappear through another door on the kitchen so that no one can see me. One time today brought Master Freedom? It's brought the freedom of return to Europe or the United States. If I want to go away I only have to ask. And what do I do then? I go shopping, sit in a hair salon and dance a jig and because that's always someone from Kyoto who might see me and tell his family.

"He's wonderful. There isn't a husband in South America who isn't wonderful. Not here of course, here they're savage. And hypocrites. I'm not, but what can I do about it? He doesn't believe it because we don't discuss anything that means. Every now and again I scream at him, and before me I have a tongue like a serpent, I know it. He wouldn't hit me. He couldn't. To do that would be to admit that I'm another adult woman being, not a child."

This woman is not unusual. Her husband she says herself is a good man. "I love that woman. My father showed me many photographs of suitable girls when it was time for me to get married, but I chose her myself—I wanted her. And now she can hurt me more than anyone. But what do you want me to do? I give her jewels, she shrugs. I give her thousands of dollars to buy clothes from London and New York. She complains because she can't wear them in Kyoto except at home. "Then why buy short skirts?" I ask. Why resist the in-

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half-baked every day of the rest of us?" "I work all day, and I can't carry it's a no drama adult world and government life is one long fight. What I fight at home every night? She says I don't talk to her. What am I supposed to talk to her? It's part of our way of life to have an open house with friends walking in at any time. I can't lock our door against them to make time to talk to her. And I don't want to. What else is there that makes it like her your friends and your family?"

"I don't believe in her covering her face, but I wouldn't bring shame on my family by letting her be seen unveiled at daylight. But at night, if we're going by our friends, I don't even ask that of her. I just ask her to put on her cloak and a thin cloth scarf over her hair. Don't women wear headscarves in your country? Is that a terrible scandal?" Ten years ago I couldn't have driven with her sitting beside me on the car, let alone without a veil. I couldn't have let her go to Europe for the summer to get away from the heat. Why won't she see how many things have changed for the better?"

"Work? Of course the car's work. Why should she? We don't need the money, and our families wouldn't like it. Some times I think it was better in the past." At this moment her face looks like that of a sad old man, and he's only in his early thirties. "Life is getting too complicated. I'm afraid of what's happening to all of us."

The Scotch has a friend who is building a

stone-and-brick-dollar villa in Reykjavik. Every weekend he goes out to inspect the site. It will have soft beige terrazzo floors, shiny carpets, a swimming pool, a "bachelor" room downstairs for his male friends, a lounge to use morning coffee with his wife. There will be indoor gardens and waterfalls glimpsed through the windows. It will be his last home of his own life and he will start in a huge family compound with all his brothers and cousins and their families. Now they share a house with just one brother's family. The next step is the house on the hill—five main, one wife, and three children. Life grew up in a mad house running with people and the protective warmth of a traditional family extended family. This empty marble house will seem like a museum to him. Every family multiplying his millions asks for self at some time—the change worth it. In those lonely moments of doubt that foreigners don't witness few of them answer you.

In the West it is simple to guess about wealth who has it and usually, where a custom from. Here there are no recognizable clues. If a banker so much as believes of the money he has on deposit from some obscure people, he'll have lost their millions. So a man works for the government, it doesn't mean a thing. I'm with a low-grade government official—so low-grade that I don't like to watch him pay the bill for our next gin-and-tonic. There he reaches into a pocket for a handkerchief, and out

tumble a three-karat clarity-yellow diamond, an even larger blue-white marquise, and a good five-karat solitaire. He's a bit of a diamond dealer. At the moment he is having trouble with builders. No, they're not building a house for him to live in, he's sure to find already. They're working on a few plots of land in Iceland and Modern that King Faisal gave him. Anytime he gets around the court long enough gets something for his services, and anyone in government can get to hang around the court's switchmen. When he gets through during the builders he starts on the cost of food. Two years ago a whole sheep cost \$35. Now it costs \$100.

But even knowing how much it all costs doesn't help you place a Scotch. There's no close detector as we know it—no red, very rich, and at the top there's the very rich close to the Right Ear. What can you tell from a man's long white national dress? In the West you can weigh the cut of a man's nose, the material, perhaps his club tie. National dress is only a negative giveaway. It doesn't tell you if a man's rich, but you know he's poor if he turns up in the afternoon wearing the same shawl he wore in the morning (everyone else changes several times a day). Even those expensive watches and cufflinks don't necessarily tell you anything. They may be something he couldn't resist in Carter's last week, they could equally well be a gift from some higher being. But the wealth is there, all right. It's what brings home the young men



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who have linked the freedom of the West to universities in North America and Britain. Salim bin Ladin's dad's plan on coming home is a herry. He was having a marriage with Dauda he'd made at his colonial-era private school in England. He was sharing around talking about becoming a doctor and doing some female education research on the way. That was 1966. He was the son of the largest construction tycoon in Saudi Arabia and enjoying in London the proceeds of the oil boom and roads his father built in Saudi. Then Bin Ladin Sr. died in a plane crash. Salim came back to take over and play out his father to his 52 younger brothers and sisters: one of whom wasn't yet born, one of whom he'd never met.

Salim bin Ladin, as he's now called as boss of both the family and its business empire, has been less interested in being a merchant prince. It wasn't his fault that he was the oldest son of a man who wanted life as a semiretired bricklayer and died at the age of 47 leaving an empire with 5,000 employees. It wasn't money that pulled Salim back, it was Saudi conservatism that forced the responsibility on him. "I decide what schools my family go to, how much money they should have to spend. I even have to decide who my sisters can marry. My father was a game man—he couldn't read or write to the day he died—but in his own way he was a genius. He was very religious, worked 15 to 17 hours a day, and he never had a holiday in his life. I'm nothing compared to him, and I'll never be. I don't want to be a slave to money or work. I like having a good time." The speeds at least see months ahead, not always looking new corners. When he's at home he plays with his four private planes. "It's so peaceful up there, you look down on the whole world and you're as free as a bird. I'm even teaching my wife to fly. She can't drive, but there's no law to stop a woman from flying." And he says away from the office as much as possible, doing most of his business on the phone from his bed.

But if you catch him in a fleeting, serious moment, he admits with sadness and humility that all that he has left to accomplish in the world is to make good marriages for a few more sisters and finally his burning desire to own a bottle of French Spidee. "We the younger generation we are nothing, and we have nothing to be particularly proud of." It was given to us. Maybe when I'm dead, my son might say, "You know Salim wasn't such a bad guy." That's all I deserve. It was the old guys who made what we have today." His father helped to build this country. His money gave Salim bin Ladin a name for what it could buy. That's more than most like him will come home for the money, but they'll change the country that drives them back, because they're salutes compared to their fathers—and maybe it's just as well. ☺

This was excerpted from *Spidee*, written by the author of *The Old Shocks* by Louis Brandeis, published by William Morris & Company Inc. in March.

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# Mission impossible

How one little hospital in the jungles of Peru defeated even the legendary Dr. McClure

By Stephen Handelman



Dr. Robert McClure, indefatigable and back at 75 years of age, set off one year ago for the lonely forgotten villages of northern Peru. The lifelong missionary, ranchman and former moderator of the United Church of Canada had come for legions in India, headhunting in Borneo, the woodlands on the Amazon Road and the Great Step. Now he was heading for Pucallpa, 450 miles north of Lima, a town of shacks and boardwalks on the edge of the great sprawling Amazonian jungle, to revitalize the Hospital Amambay. He left amid fanfare behind the country's most celebrated missionary and carried with him the promise of funds from private and government sources. But five months later he was back in Canada. He had done what for him was the "impossible." For the first time in 50 years of missionary work he had quit, and with him went most of the volunteer nursing team. What went wrong?

At the height of the rainy season in the tropic November and December months, while the jungle rain poured down with a furious roar and turned the few roads into rivers of mud, McClure, pale and weary,

McClure being greeted by wife Amy after returning to Toronto from Peru earlier this year (left) and temporary hospital administrator Hunter (below) who claims the main problem was that McClure was trying to establish "his own kingdom."



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merely behind endless glasses, and the young ones of men from Canada, Belgium and Sweden supplied not a new only medical service to bring health to the mosquito-infested villages using the two great rivers that form the Amazon—the Marañon and Ucayali. They would travel for days by "panga-panga," a sailing motor launch, bringing 1,000 to 2,000 patients vaccines at a time to once-inaccessible Indians. Upon his arrival in Pucallpa, McClure had been immediately attacked by the happiness of the Indians. They and shapers that such his carpenter's work kept radios and sewing machines under their hammocks. "Awful," gentlemen of the jungle," they did in dozens from a foreign flu supported by a road-building gang. Brothers many times to save the village and there watch as their children die from big heads and little legs and from simple things like whooping cough.

McClure didn't stand the mosquitoes he packed up, or the snakes and lizards, or the pestiferous diseases, the rebellion diet of fish and fruit and the prickly ever-present web of mosquitoes. But he had not known that in taking on the job he was walking into a "nest of serpents," as the local Roman Catholic bishop put it. The hospital, started in 1956 through the efforts of foreign doctors and governments and controlled by a foundation in Lima, was riddled with debilitating red tape was heavily in debt and overstaffed. Incompetence and apathy marked the ranks of corruption. "I had no control," explains McClure. "I would spend three days on the river with the mosquitoes so that I had a list of all the people who were sick and then I would come back to the hospital to see how the others were doing."

In the end he had no choice but to leave, coming, in his own words, "a dramatic explosion in Canada." Unanswered questions are still being asked. Why were the flood-rising rivers served out by the Amazonian Hospital Foundation of Canada so successful? Why did the foundation build up a hospital in the middle of the Canadian Imperial Development Agency (CIDA) when McClure continued to beg, plead and finally demand that he get financial help while his queue ran out of vaccines and the hospital lay in credit at the local stores? But after more than six other factors, seems to have been the culprit: McClure found himself caught between the Canadian foundation which wanted a clean accounting of the money spent, and the Lima foundation which constantly demanded, "The red tape is such an awful part of the system that it's like lighting a war," says McClure. "The dose a lot of trouble work and it's no comfort that the people looking you up will be absolutely correct in auditing reports but won't go to any more."

For the transparency of Pucallpa, Mc-

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Cher's departure was not that surprising. They have watched a stream of documentary filmmakers come to shed light in the jungle only to find themselves overshadowed by it, arriving energetic and naive, as McClure did and later leaving, as he did, angry and frustrated. The episode was only one of a number of crises they have plagued the hospital. But nowhere another laboratory always comes along backed by another foreign country, while the Indians wait silently for the sounds of the "peque-peque."

Down the street from Monaghan's Gustavo Proenza's office, the jukabox in White Patricia's bar offers a surprisingly wide selection. An old Spanish melody called *Parque de la San Juan* equal to many seen to *Stay Stay Stay* by Juanes Brown. The outside world has the frontier-style port of Pucallpa firmly in its grip. A former gold-mining town turned lumber capital, Pucallpa is the heart of the 10,000-square-mile jungle park that Proenza, a 40-year-old Quebecker, came to administer in 1957. A surge of colonists from the coast has already pushed its population to nearly 100,000, and the shanties and houseboats on the Ucayali River are jammed. The town itself is still unquiescent, daylighting in several years away. Indian women in bright red and yellow tunics swim in from the settlements every day selling molasses, cloth and neckties to tourists in the restaurants. "The Indians are losing it a touch," says Proenza disapprovingly. "It took me 25 years to realize that it's impossible to avoid. I suppose. Once an anthropologist said to me, 'Don't touch these people.' They will be touched when they come to see us, I thought. That he said, 'At least you won't be responsible for their extinction.'"

A naturalized Peruvian, Proenza rose to prominence as leader of a group of 23 Canadian priests who make up the first stable ecclesiastical presence in the region since the Jesuitian missionaries of the 17th century. He has watched as a series of brilliant doctors arrived with stethoscopes and maps to run to offer themselves to this jungle. The first was the founder of the present hospital (then called Hospital Agrario-Albert Schweitzer), a strange German doctor of obscure origins named Theodore Bender.

Bender conceived a German foundation to support his building, headed in the jungle. His charitable governments and private groups into massive expenditures of funds from international funds sprang up in Sweden, Canada, the United States, Switzerland, France and England. But, unfortunately, Bender could never make his peace with charges of commercialism, and died. Proenza. He would sometimes tell patients to avoid a particular town doctor, whom he labeled a "killer." He pointed out to his patients which products add to local stores were "poison." The whiteness of local hair soon turned into a stain.



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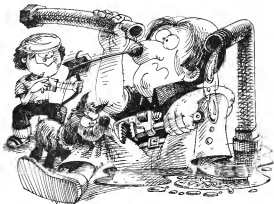
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one Sunday night in 1972 he disappeared. According to informed reports, he took one million German marks with him.

"Sure, there were rumors of greed and corruption all the time he was here," says Provost. "I don't know. There was always quite a bit of money around and I wonder what it was for. Maybe he was just a thief. But he did have no friends. No one could prove anything. Poor leader. So he got a fake car, then suddenly, such a hero."

After Bender's departure the Lima office was reorganized. New contracts over the money were put in place, but Bender's original dream had already been so distorted that the hospital's medical facilities were being used by the town's middle class, who served at the door in 1978. Then came a new star from overseas: Dr. James Daley, a brilliant English surgeon. A short time after he took over as director the news of Doctor Jex's accomplishments spread throughout the jungle. Local wisdom held he was the type of man who would perform a kidney transplant in the morning, have lunch, and then work for another eight hours. But Daley, the surgeon, apparently believed in Daley's old legend. The afternoon the town held for him and his own unending work, he arrived to expand the hospital from 60 beds to more than 120 beds. His dream was a simple hospital.

Warmed administrations in Lima saw a conflict coming with government plans and with their own stretched budget. They tried to persuade Daley to devote more time to the river service, but he refused. "A surgeon needs patients," explains Provost. "What would he do with an empty hospital?" The conflict could only end one way. The proud English surgeon was fired. Outraged, Daley's assistant reacted quickly, avoiding the hospital for two weeks. The corruption designed on. When the dust had settled, the Peruvian government saw a doctor from the ministry of health. The nation of medical summits from around the world reached on.

McClure was the next to take up the torch, and he had a private mandate: "My job was to manage a full-scale reform." The hospital had been set down from 120 to 30 beds and now he had to dramatically reduce it still, almost to impossibility in Peru where a special national order is required to get anyone discharged. But his main task was to build up the river hospital system: five nurses, three orderlies, four social workers and one doctor. Often the money needed to finance their trips and buy their drugs had been spent by the delinquent hospital. Two signatures were required on every cheque and the hospital administrator who shared responsibility with McClure often refused to sign for the health team's vital supplies. In December the hospital was still trying to meet its October payroll, and Canadian money was being held up. In 1979, the project had been promised \$90,000 from Peru and in track to the Canadian foundation could

even. Eventually most of the money made its way down through the Canadian foundation but very little of the private money materialized because of disastrous flood-causing rains. "I could not get the statement of expenses from the Peruvian foundation in the form that the Canadian foundation wanted it," says McClure. "I'm not a charitable association." To buy supplies he borrowed money from budget money for other programs. When he needed a private investigation to carry medicine (the team usually worked out of their patients along the river) he paid for it out of his old-age pension. When he finally decided to quit, officials in Lima accused him of

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Michelle and Pierre L'Hernaux: Living it was just not enough to keep them there

corruption. Well, I disliked it, too. Last year, we had four Peruvian directors. Each one was a worse crook than the other. But that's the way life is in this country. You have to get used to it. At 75 years, you're not flexible any more."

McClane's departure did spur reform and, ironically, the river health program is now flourishing thanks to the arrival in July of yet another new director, a former-hand Swedish industrialist named Hans Lagerström, and a \$15-million grant from the Swedish government. Money seems always to have been at the root of the hospital's problems. Since 1970 Sweden and Canada have provided the bulk of the hospital's more than one million dollars in operating expenses. After the border crisis in 1972, the French foundation withdrew. So did the Swiss and the English. The United States left in 1973, but the Swins came back. Holland helped in 1972 and 1973 and returned in 1975, as did the United States. England provided a grant in 1973 and then withdrew material in 1975. "You understand it has not been easy," says Angélique Dumont, Lott's, the current president of the Lott Foundation. "When we had our crisis in 1972, we knew it was going to be a challenge. But without challenges, what can you do?" Dumont, a former diplomat and co-owner of one of Lott's wealthiest suburbs, is typical of the high rollers of the hospital's five-year board. "In a developing country, you have to expect problems," he says. "You can't always have things the way you're used to in North America. Our fundamental obligation is to the Indians who need our help. If it weren't for them, we wouldn't be there."

Pierre and Michelle L'Hernaux have been traveling alone in the jungle for days. On their rocky "petate-petate," they have

been picking in and out of muddy channels doped with underbush, sipping at three or four bits out of the bush that make a village, providing the inhabitants with some sort of medical diagnosis for the first time in their lives. They were returning to their hometown of Quebec City after two years of study and travel around the world when they met McClane in the jungle. Only recently graduated as medic at the University of Ottawa, the 26-year-old L'Hernaux was captivated by McClane's vision. The couple's command of Spanish was limited to 30 correspondence course lessons and their knowledge of tropical medicine was confined to the contents of

Manson's Tropical Diseases, but they quickly became an asset to the river team. "It's really a matter of basic medicine," says L'Hernaux as he conducts a clinic in the little village of Tambor. There are no Indians here, only poor woodcutters of Spanish stock who claim descent from people patients 50 years ago. "In a Spanish village, you don't see as much malnutrition as in the Indian village. But this child, for instance, has worms. We'll give him something to treat them, but in six months the worms will be back. As long as they continue to walk barefoot in the mud and don't boil their water, what can you do?" Pierre and Michelle have decided they

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can't do very much more. That is their last trip on the river. "We'd like to stay, but would it do any good?" asks Michelle, 25, a graduate nurse who acts as her husband's scrub nurse. "There was a doctor leaving when we came and we promised McClure we would take the doctor's place for at least three months. But if we were to stay another year... I don't know. We love it, but it's just too disappointed."

The young volunteer nurses, sent here by organizations in their home countries, say McClure's departure made them question their own commitment. The little health post of Poonoy, 18 hours downstream from Freetown, is alive with the solidarity of the bereaved. Suzanne Paine, a 20-year-old Swedish high-school student, sits by the kitchen table under the photograph of Albert Schweitzer and can't stop of Gorda cheese for dinner. Although she's the only member of the team who is not a trained nurse, a previous volunteer position is a violent group protesting against loss between Sweden and India, wanted her to participate for international good works. "We were all in this together," she says. "After Dr. McClure left, I promised Paine I would stay if he stayed. But he's leaving, so I have to go." So will Katrina Vreugdenhil, and Hilda Adriaens, 25, from Belgium, comes to sell Agave Agave, 30, a Swedish nurse trained in tropical medicine whose nine-month stretch has been the longest of any of them. Two other nurses have already left. The volunteer organization, organized by foundation officials, does not seem to ease the town's anxiety. "They're just building castles in the air," says Suzanne Paine.

The only member of the river service who isn't part of the frantic care is 28-year-old Michel van der Heyden, a tall, sandy-haired doctor from Belgium. He was also the last to arrive (just as McClure was leaving). McClure, he says without a trace of irony, had promised to stay on a little longer to help him adjust. Here van der Heyden has taken McClure's place as director of the river service. In fact, until a group of new nurses and doctors arrive from overseas, he is the river service. Van der Heyden is nervous. "The job is of health," he says. "see the same symptoms. It's hard to figure out where to best put your money. I really don't think it's as bad as they say it is. Then again, I haven't been here long enough."

In a bright apartment in Toronto, Dr. Robert McClure, his better checked and approved by his doctor, makes plans to take up another post overseas—this time in the Caribbean Island of St. Vincent. His first trip still evades to the jungle. He says he hopes that the river health program will work. "I'm still terribly interested in it," he says, pulling out a stack of letters from doctors and nurses in Peru. "I have no betters." Only disappointment at having been forced for once in his life to quit.

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# A history of Charlie

Don Harron was a consummate actor, but Charlie Farquharson, now he's yer star

By David Cobb

This month, for the third season in a row, Don Harron aka Charlie Farquharson, will publish a collection of outgroupson posts that will automatically become a best seller. The book's full title given to co-edited Barry, reflecting the derisive and/or of this shrewd, 50-year-old man who earns a six-figure amount of money in the country's best-known and best loved feature—CHARLIE FARQUHARSON AS A *LAURENCE, STACY and CANDLE, Dying, Going Mad, Noble Wild Life, Comedy and Taming of Kati Horrocks for People under the Influence. Advers for the Future and the Future. And inside, under September the first for this month. "There were good things about being poor. It doesn't suit us much."*

These scenes at readers:  
**Lunch, Toronto restaurant:** First time Harron and Macdon's meet. Harron gently because of story six months earlier in Toronto. But that's made him personal grief and engaged his wife—Catherine McKinnon, the singer—to much that even today, discussing it, her eyes could when chaotic. Harron, quiet, serious, making a note with the dramatic impact of the new director, now who else he's loved he has to do a lunch performance for the upcoming Ontario Best Producers Conference. "First I got wind of it," he says.

**Outside Best Producers lunch, Toronto hotel:** The performance the best man went, of course, is from Charlie. Charlie's character, Don Harron gets to mention on the side pages of the *Playbook*. The best industry is doing well, well enough to pay Charlie's \$2,000 fee for 30 minutes' work. Harron would have been half the price. Tally that before Charlie comes on: "I've never met any farmer who talks like Charlie," says a best man from Lucas. "Do I sound like that? Does like that?" His wife demands: "Thirty years ago you'd've been a rag like that, where in earth did he get it? And Frank down the way talks like that, you've got to admit." Then on comes Charlie, one shoulder higher than the other, two days' growth of beard, cap with the broken peak borrowed in 1952 from producer-director Norman

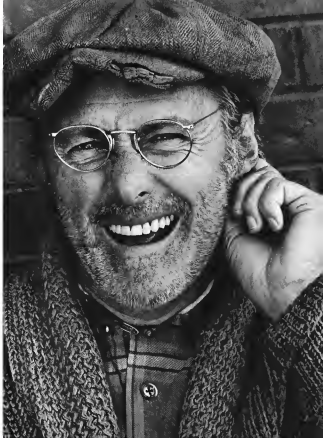


Harron/Farquharson, amusing himself and a room full of kids at a recording session (above), and dramatically act among his daughter Katelyn (below)



Jewson, now best-known as a young Norman Campbell, later to become an Emmy-award-winning producer for the CBC short by Harron's late father, surreptitious play by Don himself, one 14 farm hours by the Coupled Civilian—all of it looking steep as for a month and act as all what you'd want to get close to.

"I want you to know I've worked since the day I was born," says Charlie, glancing briefly into the middle-distance. "For the first three months I helped my mother with the milk" (chuckling). The fed tried to get on off the wheat and on to a cape, but I couldn't pass the physical (laughter). They're making an odd back cover milk and now they're trying to make in on the chest, square" from both ends. (Laughter and chuckling.) That bencha painter, the Gimpie a Seven, the ones who painted by women, they do burn and redevelop, I do that and don't get paid anything for it. (chuckles and laughter.) Bobby Orr's knee is in the house, a difficult transplant operation. (both both both) It's a good thing we don't stand







"It's hard to imagine, but there's another seven miles of beach just like this. It's unreal."

**"We were spoiled by an unspoiled place."**



"We could never get over how clear and warm the water was. It was like having a 29 square mile pool right on your doorstep. (It's true!)"



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Mosey down to the Negril Yacht Club. It has everything but yachts. But after a few exotic drinks, you'll never miss them.

A long-time resident probably said it best when asked to describe Negril, and we quote: "Your body has suddenly arrived where your mind has always been." Amen.

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**It's like no other island under the sun.**



"Each morning we'd look forward to being surprised by the ocean's daily offering of shells. It was like being given a beautiful present every day."



"The taking off the reef is terrific, and our friend here, Dyanne, was awfully good at it. They were almost too pretty to eat. Almost."



**JAMAICA**



# The Toast of Russia and the West.



Grand Prix,  
Paris, France.

Gold Medal, Naples, Italy.

2 Gold Medals,  
Paris, France.

Gold Medal,  
Chicago, U.S.A.

2 Silver Medals,  
Moscow, Russia.

Grand Cross,  
St. Louis, Russia.

2 Gold Medals,  
Stockholm, France.

Grand Prix,  
Brussels, Belgium.

Diplôme d'Honneur,  
Glasgow, Scotland.

Gold Medal,  
Naples, Italy.

2 Gold Medals,  
Louvain, Belgium.

Gold Medal,  
London, England.

Grand Prix, Florence, Italy.

Gold Medal,  
Berlin, Deutschland.

Gold Medal,  
Louvain, Germany.

And more.

## Wolfschmidt.

The one that won the West for Russian vodka.

age), both of whom died earlier this year. Don grew up curly as a competitive worker, delivering pies for a pizzeria after school as the age of 11. His younger sister, Mary, also remembers Don as a competitive eater, often practicing (Twenty years later word of his daughter, Martha and Mary, loving his stories, would inspire him now and then to tell them one evening. "Everything he told us was a send-up," says Martha today. At 25, she says she has developed "a man-ol' black shoe pain" because of it.) Don developed no wish to go as the family's Toronto life works but became, like his father, an able cartoonist and from the age of 10 would go to tennis club meetings and draw caricatures, keeping up a running feud of paper all the while. He remembered drawing one of Mussolini in a photo—"an Italian called Richard Mayby who changed his name to Dick Tator...".

After stints with the RCMP in the end of World War II and performing Charlie's Aunt for the war-wounded in southern Ontario, Harrow turned down a job as a cartoonist, though a friend reminded him that "he could draw anything in the style of any of The New Yorker cartoonists of the day." Harrow consented. "I never got a style of my own." So he went to the University of Toronto and studied English and philosophy instead. He graduated in philosophy—"about the worst thing to study for someone who'd decided to become an actor. I have no use for it, and I got the Gold Medal, for God's sake. All this jargon—that's why Charlie makes so much fun of jargon today. So I hated the professors. I made my essays fun." But Harrow never faded that English professor, the redoubtable Nathaniel Fry, whom he revered. "Harrow, you have a magnificent mind," Dr. Fry once told him. "Some day you'll make a good thing popularizing things." History, particularly. 30 years later, Charlie's first book is on the supplementary reading list of Ontario secondary schools.

From the start, aided by his generous siblings, Harrow made a good living out of acting. In the late Forties and into the Fifties the national Canadian theatre was on CBC radio under Andrew Allan, and Harrow was the junior member of an unofficial company, leaving his craft among some of the best radio actors in the world. He also took care to train a company before his audience. "I knew I couldn't really compare with those radio guys," he says, in the deductively forthright Harrow tones. "They had more timbre of voice, more range." But Harrow had a trump card over such as some of the radio guys, who were afraid of them, he found he loved live audiences and the legitimate stage. They were great years for actors, particularly for those in Ontario: any Canadian performer who passed through there will bubble on about their only party out of obscurity. Andrew Allan and Eric Sage, Mavor Moore and

## How to easily shave the hard-to-shave places.

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It's not to downgrade these endeavors to note that all of them are overshadowed—for the time being—by Charles Farquharson, the yokel from Perry Sound, Charlie, whose radio script (for Toronto's CFMT) Harrow can lose off in minutes and whose puns he will lapse into at the wry of any

## A black and white photograph of a large, dark, metallic-looking container, possibly a water cooler or a large jug, with a white label that reads "WATER". A small bottle of water is placed next to it. The container has several circular openings or vents. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

It's what more and more people are looking for.

number of mental hospitals, he's posted Harris into the upper-class, and he is a phenomenon work looking at history. For one thing, despite a popular misconception, Charlie is a far older than both his *History* and *How How* McHarris could have anticipated. He's currently 51, started on the second and the speech pattern—"like a hen's ass, Charlie never shuts up"—in 1948, and first produced him as a full-fledged character in the 1952 *Spring Thaw*. At first he was a odd figure and Harris, based at that time in the United States, was never around long enough to make him anything else. The turning point came in 1965 when Ross McLean, working with

producer Doug Lenneman, hired Charlie for national spots on the *Young Man* series of the CBC's legendary *The River Man* Seven Days. This was two years before Harris had even set foot in Perry's social heart of the great north (he'd been in Ontario, but he'd got the accent and character down pat). "People are always asking me how I managed to lose my accent," says his daughter Martha, "and I've never been there at all." From there, as it has been a steady growth of personal appearances across the country, TV appearances—primarily with *Meri How* which, no matter how comical, has the added allure for Canadians of

being U.S. producers—and the books. Charlie's *Many* came about through a rare serendipity. Catherine McKinnon, Harris' third wife whom he married in 1969, had been to school in Halifax with Nancy Griffin. Late in 1971 the Harris-owned Nancy now married to Al MacKenzie then sales supervisor for the McGraw-Hill publishing company in Canada. MacKenzie and Harris (a Toronto reader) started chatting about some of the books they enjoyed. Harris mentioned particularly Richard Attenborough's *D.40* *Seven With* *Canada* and 1966 *And All That* by Seligson and Youmans, both books comic views of history. MacKenzie "had thought of doing a

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HARRIS ONCE TRIED DOING STAND-UP COMEDY AS HIMSELF. 'I DIED,' HE SAYS

funny history yourself?" Harris, "No," MacKenzie "How about Charlie Fargher's history of Canada?"

Lightning bolts are sometimes like that, falling out of a clear sky. At first nobody at McGraw-Hill seemed struck by the idea except MacKenzie and Torie Kai, then the company's trade division strategy editor. At one top-level meeting Charlie Swenson, McGraw's president, said: "We'll be lucky if we sell 1,000 copies." Five years would have made it a Canadian best seller, 200,000 copies from the *Many* is still selling briskly (though no author who isn't he did not have enough control of McGraw is now with Gage Publishing, much to McGraw's chagrin).

Branching out, Harris in the last three years has also developed a drag-queen character called Valerie Rosedale, a prize-winning parody of what her creator calls "a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant society maven" and worked out by his own as such occasions as Walter Gaudin's son

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say-fifth birthday party which was, says Harris, "half of them." But the Roadies are sold by comparison to the Charlie business, which must one of the abiding contradictions in the Canadian entertainment scene. How is it that Canada's best known English-language comedian and Charlie Faganhouse, Fred Dobbs, *Reviewer of the Mounted* and the *Member for Kicking Horse Piss*? Each is an older guy. Dobbs is a kind of Charlie with a show, decorated by Vancouver's *Mike Magee* in 1955. Ruff and the *Member* are Dave Broadfoot, another Vancouver-born comic, senior comedian and majority of CBC radio's *Real Canadian Air Force*. Of the four, Magee's Dobbs—a wargy old man looking like an outraged Stephen Leacock—is the only one with a bit of that class. He is also widely funny, outrageously rude, and as topical as the next edition. All this makes him dangerous, which restricts his popularity. People laugh at Dobbs, they do not love him. Reviewer, the *Member* Charlie, do not want how funny you find them, how dangerous are they? Dangerous in a northern chitabash, and that's why they're popular. Charlie most of all. "I think we put away with more behind a character—to a character you're not really a threat," says Magee. For his part, Harris can't think of Stiller's view that Canada doesn't produce comedians, it produces actors and agrees with Magee to a point: unlike Magee he's never wanted to be a threat, though he has tried—and apparently to himself instead of Charlie. "I did," he says. "They thought I was a nutcase." His own requirements of Charlie are simple: "I want that what he has to say is funny and, perhaps afterward, it always has to be a political point for a laugh. Eric [Walters] [Vancouver's comic agent] is a far more brilliant writer than I'll ever be, but he writes from the level of a PhD. I want to be the level of the average man. I speak to people." It's not an attitude that goes over well with some of those who have high opinions of Harris's abilities. "Given his intellect and the authentic character he's created," says Ross McLean, program director of CBC-TV's Toronto station (CBC), "he could have been something truly affecting and poignant. He's vented for pain and bathroom humor which has at once broadened Charlie's appeal and narrowed his value." Broadfoot remembers the time, about three years ago, when he saw a Charlie performance that convinced him to the core. "That night he had a philosophy? There was a point. 'Hey,' I thought, 'so that's the way he's going to take it?' I've never seen him do it again. That's such a fabulous character: the potential, the potential, and what he could be."

But whether or not you're a fan, Harris has created a character more lasting than anything portrayed by well ever make on the legitimate stage. "As a simple performer," says a Canadian actor, "Don doesn't quit here. He has no star qual-

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# People

**General Dong Yen Quang**, it seems, has become *The Man Who Came To Destroy* of untranslatable politics. Despite the Communist government's expressed wish to breathe him up and ship him out-of-net home—looks as if we may be stuck with him. Home, in his case, is the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, which has generally been assumed, would like to have him back to answer for his part in the corrupt Saigon regime in which he was an adviser on "internal security" and allegedly actively involved in the illegal drug trade. However, the new Communist government now says, in effect, that it wouldn't touch him with a barge pole, and the American-led coalition Canada through the United States and settled in Montreal—have also pulled on the welcome mat. So despite the fact that the monumental portrait by which he stained Canada was revealed, there's no place to send him.

Whether **Muhammad Ali** is really going to retire, following his recent—and obvious—victory over **Kee Hearn** is hot air to the spectators. He is, however, following Norton (Drew, *Maiden*) into the movie, beginning with his own life story. *The Greatest*, now leaving (as they say in Port-of) in Miami. In fact he may need the money because the six million didn't get far defraying his wife's name Norton to lord up by the courts, until the divorce suit filed by his wife, Khalilah, is disposed of.



Khalilah Ali, Six-Million-Dollar Woman

Actress **Wendie Perrine** who paraded her considerable breasts through such films as *Playboys*, *Play and Learn*, and a couple of *Playboy* photo features is now setting out to establish that she is more than



Perrine: two good reasons for stardom

just another pretty boy. "I was huge (bust-breasted), but I want you to know my library is full of it," she said in a recent interview, adding that "a girl with large breasts has two strikes against her."

For the man who has everything... a larger version of the government of Saudi Arabia is negotiating with Boeing for an exclusive jet for **King Khalid Bin Abdul Aziz**. Actually it's a 747 they have in mind, custom-built (of course) to include a throne room and a fully equipped hospital room with direct satellite link to a hospital in Cleveland where the king goes occasionally for treatment. The asking price for the jumbo, which would be the last 747 ever to be an exclusive jet, is about \$25 million—just about as little it really is a problem.

Sure Billie Jean King beat Bobby Riggs, but that didn't prompt her to challenge one of the younger losers. **Cherise or Ashie or Nannie** did (P) shut and speed and all the long hauls! through in the net break—

and men are stronger than women. Nevertheless **Judith Corser**, the third leading money winner (\$36,908) in the women's pro golf tour this year, is seriously considering a shot at playing in next June's U.S. Open, a man's event "just to test to see whether I can play it." 110 yard/1600 [800 longer (than the women's circuit)] golf course, under Open conditions. While we women come to play in men's Professional Golf Association tournaments, we



Corser: anything he can do, etc.

men (for obvious reasons) on Ladies pro events. The U.S. Open is wide open. No women have ever played in it but the great black Canadian Zolman last Corser a long ball better off the set, once layed with the club.

Whether said (it may have been Gerald Ford) it was time to "put Watergate behind it" most often has begun in particularly a surprise! President (the Democrats not surprisingly) the Republicans are ready to step in behind it or a bad thing. For example **Walter Mondale** the vice-presidential running mate of Jimmy Carter was asked by one reporter: "Crisis has been a major concern throughout the country—do you have any plans?" "No," Mondale replied. "I plan to spend from the next election." And his opposite number **Robert Dole** who was the Republican National Committee Chairman at the time makes a point of promising no uncertainty. "The kind of Watergate was my nightmare. In fact, I think it was Chicago on a job."

# Business

## What price controls?

The bank headquarters of the Anti-Inflation Board in Ottawa is like the inside of an ash heap. As soon as you emerge from the elevator onto the crowded reception area, you are interrupted by a soldier (not who dodges through the morning window as a, someone waving menacingly the signpost that you're not carrying the plastic identification by the woman's female was spent occasionally on their beds and the woman male into bed unceremoniously behind their backs. The Air justified its formidable security on the grounds of preserving the confidentiality of sensitive information it extracts from corporations under its sway. But having to surrender their social insurance cards ordering business to the courts has called a number of Ottawa dignitaries into the office by the social of raw power and the hope of advantage for their constituents. Last week, the air was not reverberating from former cabinet minister Herb Gray's change when he was challenged in this way.

The secrecy inside the anti-inflation unit is in contrast to the agency's public image. The year after the imposition of controls, official Ottawa is forming up an on almost unbreakable phalanx of self-censorship. The government is even spending \$1.4 million on advertising to spread the happy news of the achievement of the aim, much of it thoughtfully distributed to those media and other newspapers which have the resources to be grateful. The Consumer Price Index (cpi), the rough aggregate of prices which is assumed to be representative of most shoppers' experience, was only 0.5% higher in September than last April. A year ago, this measure of inflation was running at 10.6%.

The government's latest anti-inflation information over the whole year averages out at 1.5%, which looks quite lively. At the same time, annual savings weekly savings are ahead by less than the year before—(2.5% as opposed to post-consumers rates of more than 14%, according to the government's self—own strength are actually increasing faster, by 1.8% as against 1.3%. This is because inflation is subsiding faster than controls increase, leaving more buying power in the hands of the consumer. One of the government's aims "We're doing well," emphasizes the anti-inflation chairman, **John R. Papp**, who wants to see some time again to move to abandon controls before their day-by-day inflationary consequences more leader (Dr. Broadbent's) recent campaign against the air has done nothing to shake government rates, being dragged down mainly by an apparent



Anti-control demonstration on Parliament Hill, November 1975, an opening valley

refusing to differentiate between net income and profit margins.

But are controls really working? Economics, like love, is a many-splendored thing. While mainstream and their critics praise the wisdom of the program, a Ginko chorus of academic economists keeps up a maelstrom of dissent. They dispute the official version of what is happening, arguing that just because the Air pulled off the current decline in inflation does not prove it caused it. Innumerable are worried about falling investment and the possibility of rampant unemployment, while the government is preoccupied with its battle on the inflation front. Dr. Michael Walker, chief economist of the Vancouver-based Fraser Institute and editor of a recently published collection of essays with the provocative title of *The Illusion Of Wage And Price Control* describes the politicians and some of his cowardly colleagues in Ottawa as being members of "the poor club—thank God it's falling." Walker is totally unimpressed by recent economic figures. He points out that in

1975 many economic forecasters, including several prominent ones at the Imperial Economic Research Centre and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, predicted this year's decline in Canadian inflation with remarkable accuracy—before the government imposed controls. And they also said why food costs would decline and oil prices would fall, while it exactly what has happened. (The Anti-Inflation Board has no jurisdiction over food prices, which the cr shows unambiguously little decline, although it is a steep price to claim part of the credit for them since it is a domestic process and distribution.) Even those experts—like the Conference Board or the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce's economists—who believed that the inflation rate would increase in 1976 were only talking about marginal rates, while one of them, the University of Toronto's Institute for Policy Analysis, was sufficiently adventurous to project a decline in 1977.

"People don't realize that the 1975 anti-

tion rate was actually less than 1970's 10.9%," says Walker. It's against this background that Pipes's talk of conservatism as a "war" requiring "almost passionate public support," or Fichte-Trotsky's warnings about a "new society" and the need for greater "authority" in our lives, must be placed.

The question that haunted about the efficacy of the controls program was an oft-cited line given even Finance Minister Donald Macdonald: "There's a moment's silence, occupied only by the echoes and howls of the telephone from Mexico where he is attending the International Monetary Fund conference: 'I don't think that forecasters generally would have said that' he offers eventually. This somewhat uneasy demand seems to be the general Ottawa response: 'They just weren't looking at the 20% and 30% wage gains we were looking at.' It adds one authority revealing perhaps the greatest mistake the program has permitted is that it has been too much wrong, which lay behind the conversion of controls that formed in Canada's capital last fall. But Walker's critics are unimpressed.

Another factor in Canada's decreasing inflation rate that the Aik do not mention is the appreciation of the value of the Canadian dollar against other world currencies. In October 1975, it stood at \$975 for one U.S. dollar. It has since risen to \$1,000 for one U.S. dollar. This has driven Canadian exports (and imports) because it means that Canadian exports cost more in foreign markets. It does mean that Canada's imports cost less to domestic consumers. And 25% of the goods produced in Canada are imported. So the inflation rate for many consumers is held down. If the dollar continues to rise, many of the foreign markets are nearly sure that the strengthening of the value of the dollar could swamp the anti-inflation program. The dollar's current strength is largely due to massive Canadian borrowing abroad and the fact that the U.S. has raised its prime rate by 100 interest rate basis. Had the U.S. not done this, the process is a steadily mounting outflow of capital at Canadian households value their money and hence in the United States rather than here. Alcoa Industries Limited, Northern Telecom Ltd., Imperial Oil, Northern Trust Co., and the Bank of Montreal have all opted for the protection of companies paying money across the border in recent months. Short of reversing its attitude to profits, there is little the government can do to sustain the inflation rate against the rise of the dollar. A country with Canada's high level of interest control.

Donald Sandley doesn't talk so much as give birth to carefully formed words—intercepted by thoughtful silences. His lined face and wrinkly kindly smile radiates modernism and reason. But he's had a heart-bursting crisis crisis—crisis which has seen him deeply committed on such progressive battlefields as the Saskatchewan doctors' strike over cadavers—when he broke by arriving in British physicians and after the war, in 1945, in New Brunswick.



Páipín and self-described 'whistle-blower' Tansley (above) and Jalasone (bottom right) for the Affirmative, while Wafar (bottom left) supports 'colonisation'



during Louis Robichaud's "equal opportunity" pro-francophone ranting of these things. I suppose, hardly tried.

Tandley came from the Canadian International Development Agency to be the administrator of the Anti-Inflation Act. He was a very experienced economist, physically and mentally very distinct from the Anti-Inflation Board and so when the board's recommendations could be accepted, would in some degree from Tandley's point of view of an admirable decision. But he was not a person who thought that an act with unlimited powers would have been able to make Tandley can investigate and interpret situations, but basically he seen his job as applying the detailed regulations set down by the government. He was not a person who was in reduction with the force of law the government of several times people that had already been approved by the act but which they had magnanimously applied to Tandley's higher authority. "I can't let them say that they get an action from their situation and they don't want to do it. I think that they don't seem to be a lot I can do about it." Philosophically, Tandley is attached to the idea of government pacta pacted for the collective bargaining process, not for the control period end. There is no a lot of people who are not in the same way. He laughs and says, he says, "I'm not an economist. I'm a simple man."

[illegible]

Trademarked by Puma. Jacket from a business meeting available in February '92, not shown.



ing system, no matter how sophisticated, can be designed to anticipate the interdisciplinary complex interplay of human decisions and circumstances in its economic analysis. The resultant forecasts cannot be often trusted; they can only be partially supported. "My four years with Google [the San Jose area's planning agency] was one of the funniest years of my life," says David L. Lippman, who has been a consultant for economic theory at JPL since 1980. The reason, he admitted, they were invariably "convinced to reveal their quarterly estimates in the wake of unforeseen developments." "I said, 'You're just like us!' modeled in great laughter." Where prices are free, however, they are determined automatically by supply and demand and not by central agencies, which are by necessity high-tech, computer-aided shortsighted. The high-tech of a vision consisting through the water movement is automatically self-

inedividually, judged by its ability to pay off. But if you build down prices and profits, the signals are no longer sent. There becomes no way to assess the value of one group of workers as compared to another, except by the arbitrary assumption that they are worth more when they were worth yesterday—which is what the ABE Kennedy is looking at. Historical statistics remain. Each sector becomes a test of political strength. There is no longer a rational basis for assessing economic productivity, is not even here to pass on to the customer all the fruit of your efforts. The economy becomes dominated, used to incoherent faith off it begins to atrophy.

Bob Johnson, lips curling, brushing back his long hair, picks his way deliberately across the office and back. Without pausing in his exposition, he pounces on a cigarette. It becomes, briefly, a beacon and then a spore. His shirt-tail begins to work its way loose. The universities of Toronto, Laval and London, plus the Bank of Canada and the International Monetary Fund have made him an eloquent symbol of the cunning and sophistication of the Canadian

businessmen programs like the above, supposedly by considering carefully that they can't win from innovative, high productivity, cost-cutting innovations and that they have no cost advantages and don't have the means for monetary and fiscal restraint. Control is partly temporary, he insists, because he is limited not to a tight monetary and fiscal regime, which would still risk to have the effect of increasing the cost of capital. But the case of the Stanford Trust pushed this controls program whenever confronted with the interconnected, interdependent risk and life of their party. But by increasing margins rather than price, Johnstone claims the risk has eliminated the problem of product degradation—companies effectively raise their price by substituting inferior goods. It would then be up to their peers, which are often the same as their Antitrust, to be able to reward productivity and innovation systems and to evaluate system of credits.

From its inception 4 years ago the paper has come just about as far as an independent business could. Many of its contributors have made a fortune in the past few years, but they have taken it there on their own terms. There are many new frontiers ahead of its staff, but the value of paperwork it must handle is simply impossible. Steel Co. of Canada Ltd. said it had to "leave" some working staff on an advisory basis. The company had said in July the program had cost \$135,000, but now has no price comparison data. There are errors, such as the recent announcing of a wage "roll back" that was not a roll back at all. The company denied. Other announcements, such as the leaking of the news that General Foods Ltd. had ordered prices to walk off an uncertain "income policy," now didn't politically materialize. It may well be that this is the last time the company will be in the U.S. area, if only because the paperwork is so demanding, although experts expect creates someone will find a way to cut costs freely and that market conditions may change. The company's last strategy was to cut its costs, to go somewhere else, but it is not clear if it is now considering allowing its profits, unless they were unfortunately unable to have been so.

spills disappeared during the base period. An apparent cause can be deduced: Recently, the U.S. Coast Guard has been patrolling the edges of the Arctic Sea and the Bering Sea, the edges of the ice and the possible breach, both of the estimated General Motors of Canada Inc. are remaining contacts in the same time zone from rising prices. Thus, they could provide the program now working, but otherwise, sources still revealing story. General Motors has not been able to hold its own in the market, and the company is now in a losing position. What happened was that the Canadian dollar was above the U.S. dollar, an advantage proved unexpectedly profitable in the larger GM models, with more than 100,000 units sold in the U.S. market above what the company had anticipated. And above what the oil companies had anticipated. As a historical case, the price of oil in the U.S. market was not as high as it was in the U.S. market, and the company had not had the time to make the necessary adjustments. The effect of the oil price has been to force it to take the financial risk. This wasn't a coincidence in itself. And the price will still go up.

Although the ABE is attracting publicity by the government's actuality relying on fiscal and monetary policies to combat inflation, the Bank of Canada has been following more restrictive line on monetary growth in part due to the personal commitment of bank governor Gerald Bower and officials such as George Friesman, who served a 10-year (haunting term on the old Press & Review) as the governor in the early 1970s. Donald MacDonald says the government aims to hold in abeyance the G7's National Product index to growth rates this year and below them next year. For the first time close to relative share. For some time

that the Liberals are not actually trouble. These basic instincts to loyalty and patriotism are in better all positions than they have been in the past. The MacDonalds early this summer, which appeared to deny once again the relationship between government deficit spending and inflation, touched off a fresh outbreak of anger among the people. The Prime Minister's comments, such as Prime Minister of Ontario had business been acquainted in Canada party because they are currently afraid of government disapproval and partly because of the government's policy on inflation, which they are deeply demoralized because of long-term interest rates. They believe they see a Canada without tax control. The tax, the dispute is often a contention that is temporary in regard to the economic of the country. They believe that the government's autonomy from the government's November 1974, broader of the country's economy is a US style reason, then following Canadian cases right to a painful realization. It is not surprising that business views Ottawa's herbicide releases for controls with a healthy eye.



# Sports

The one who got away



Fryer (number 85) doing much coverage in the Bears game: a doubly embarrassing day

In his fourth official game as a Washington Redskins and the last of the 1978 season, Brian Fryer was on the field for one minute and 36 seconds. He appeared in one offensive play from scrimmage (he ran a pass pattern to the sideline but was well covered), attracted five kickoffs for 36 yards and covered full 40-yard punts downfield. On one of those punts, Fryer stepped on his knee ligaments attempting to avoid a block, a freak injury that prematurely ended his rookie year on the National Football League. On a warm October Sunday in Chicago, a day on which the Redskins showed one of their worst performances in recent years, 33-7, at the hands of the resurgent Bears, Fryer's performance would certainly have gone completely and properly unnoticed. But for two remarkable facts: Brian Douglas Fryer, 23, is the first Canadian in history to be drafted out of Canadian college football into the broad hands of the NFL. And—until his injury—he was the only rookie on the starting 43-man squad of a team currently preoccupied in the league's playoffs. Fryer does it and do so the NFL's compact practice beneficiary in almost irrelevant, first making the league is a one desirable achievement.

For his credit from the University of Alberta's Golden Bears—where, to foot notes, he broke every record young wide played five seasons just prior he decided to try punting and predictably led the league) and won the 1974 Hec Clegg Trophy as the outstanding college player in the nation—to George Allen's nervousness the Redskins Fryer should thank of

all people. Many lucky coach of the Montreal Alouettes. In the early weeks of 1977, Fryer—a former special teams coach with the Redskins—suggested to Tim Teeterman, Redskins director of player personnel, that Fryer would perhaps be worth having a look at. Fryer himself would have been delighted to take a long look, except that the NFL's Canadian Football League rights had been held under lock and key for years by the Edmonton Eskimos to whom, coincidentally, Lewis Alouettes had just lost the Grey Cup. What better revenge than to arrange to win, grab of the Golden Bear, top Canadian draft prospect?

The Redskins, who run one of the NFL's smoothest operations, checked Fryer out like a proud father up for action. They studied Golden Bears game film and sent hundreds of clipping telephoning opposition coaches for opinions. "We'd bump him and double team him and he'd still catch 10 passes," one coach said. They flew top-flight scout Mike Altman to Edmonton to witness Fryer's call coaches watch him run pass patterns and line him up in the 40-yard club (4-47 seconds). At the end of it all, Altman confirmed the big league's cryptic apprehensions: "He can play."

In fact there were serious doubts whether Fryer would be legally eligible to play, since he had completed neither his degree (he's two credit shy of a Bachelor of Physical Education) nor his years of college eligibility—now criteria for NFL draft selection. When the Redskins couldn't pay the Fryer one before league officials, the NFL said in effect: And here you've been risk, we assume the right to decide how

eligible, impressed with his potential. Washington took Fryer on the eighth round and signed him to a three-year contract, notably estimated at \$300,000 the first year with annual increments and a \$15,000 signing bonus. Under arrangements worked out by his lawyer, former Edmonton Editor Ed McLeod, Fryer kept possession of all contract equity, making the league's decision. If NFL declared him ineligible, Fryer planned to sign with Edmonton.

While negotiations with the Eskimos continued, the NFL ruled Fryer ineligible. McLeod's prompt response was a telegram to NFL commissioner "Pete" Rozelle, threatening a lawsuit if Fryer were not allowed to attend the Redskins training camp. McLeod's friend, NFL player's representative Ed Garvey called Rozelle personally to apply pressure. Rozelle finally is won.

After three weeks in Washington's training camp, Fryer called Jim Donawick, his coach at the University of Alberta. "There are three guys here better than me," Fryer said. "Ray Jefferson, (Frank) Goss and (Charles) Taylor. But I think I'm signed as the one." Says Donawick: "That's the wonderful thing about Brian. He's beautifully confident. If he's good, he may be good." After one season in a defensive back with the Edmonton Eskimos, Fryer's first game he tackled a runner one-on-one in the open field, remembers Eskimo coach Vic Chmielewski. "He hit him so hard, he broke the guy's leg." Fryer joined the Golden Bears, his first game in 1979 he caught six passes and scored 14 touchdowns.

The transition from college back to the NFL was not an easy one for Fryer, though he spent the pre-training camp period missing pass patterns by himself for two hours every morning. "The whole game is so much more demanding. Every pass pattern is more complex. You have to know exactly when and where to make your move. You've got to learn to read being blocked off the line and to sit at the people like (Pittsburgh Steelers) Mel Blount. And take your head off. Perfection is the name of the game."

By his own admission, Fryer is a long way from perfect, and the knee injury makes it likely to set back his development. But everyone, including George Allen, is confident that Fryer will one day be a starting wide receiver in Washington. Says one who knows Allen well: "George would cut on the line for the guy making the loss of a draft choice. When George does that, you have an idea the guy can be something special."

MIKE MURPHY

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Bacardi and bubbles. Sends your taste buds on a zippy vacation.



BACARDI rum.



# Cities

If it's a great place to work, then it's a great place to live

Suddenly the swing state, suburban may be the word of the day. It's the municipal employee who is in jeopardy. The reason: many American cities have begun enacting a "work here, live here" rule in a last-ditch effort to reverse urban rot. Inevitably, many once workers are unwilling to live here. They've moved. In 1955, a week Chicago fireman's job rather than leave his home in suburbia. But more, with less and employment prospects are increasingly going on commuting in a way of life and moving back into town.

No fewer than 24 cities—including Detroit, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Buffalo, Spokane and Philadelphia—endorse local bylaws regarding their employees to live within their boundaries. Several others—including New York and Washington DC—are on the verge of doing so. In fact, now that the U.S. Supreme Court has found Philadelphia's "work here, live here" rule to be constitutional it is a trend that holds on both sides of the aisle and danger for cross-worked urban America.

On the hopeful side is the dramatic transfer of many of the city's best brains and highest-paid workers back into their tax fold. Not only is this seen as a means of increasing civic revenue, but also as a way of retooling down-town areas. As Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit puts it: "If a policeman just works for the city but comes in from the suburbs every day to do his job and collect his pay cheque, then he has no interest in overall welfare. His wife and children aren't affected by the social crime in the city centre and he has no deep commitment to keeping it down. In fact, all policemen and other public employees must live in the community they work in. It will result in much better service." In Chicago the rule has been on the books for 50 years, but enforcement only began this fall. One immediate result: housing prices are improving as good property in the urban core goes at a premium. In addition, run-down houses—some in slum areas—are being bought and renovated by middle-class families. On the danger side, however, is the fact that not everyone is moving. Many of those who prefer to stay in suburbs and seek new jobs are the municipal employees with the highest marketability, the easiest job alternatives, the least the cities can least afford to lose.

Black leaders not surprisingly support the rule. They believe it will mean improved education and social services and hope that since blacks frequently make up more than 60% of many city populations, any municipal job vacancies created by

white suburbanites refusing to move will be filled by minority unemployed blacks. In fact, municipal Mayor Richard Daley announced that any civic worker who refused to live in the city would be fired. Up to then, Chicago's employees had either opposed the rule bylaws or simply ignored a similar attempt to live to put around it. "I just couldn't make the



Mayor (above) and Chicago firefighter (below): How it's done it altogether



adjustment of moving back into the city," Mayor says. "Anyway, I'd gotten sick and tired of their investigations sitting in front of my house and taking pictures of me coming in and out." Indeed, city politicians go to bizarre lengths to discover just where their employees really live. One Chicago labourer tells of an informant phoning a doctor to get one his suburban home in order to establish that it was his primary residence. The labourer

also kept a rented room in the city. The Supreme Court was forced into action when a Philadelphia fireman dismissed for moving outside the City of Brotherly Love claimed a constitutional right to live wherever he chose. The court saw his claim instead as "a constitutional right to be employed by the city of Philadelphia while living elsewhere," and dismissed his case. In so doing, the court opened the door to cities wishing to make residency a condition of employment. Dislocation may be severe in others such as New York, where 68.3% of the municipal work force lives in the suburbs and Washington, where only 25% of the police and 18% of other employees live within the District of Columbia.

One alternative to the "work here, live here" law may be a municipal contribution. Washington wants to charge all commuters 40% of the municipal tax they would have to pay if they lived within the city—a proposal that would affect about 270,000 residents of Maryland and Virginia. But while improving services for those who live in town, such a tax would do little to change urban conditions. For that, the cities will have to attract or force the suburban residents to return. The "work here, live here" rule is the first effective step toward that goal. As Chicago's mayor Daley puts it: "There is no punishment for not obeying the rule. It's just that if you don't, and you work for the city, you lose your job. And there are hard taxes."

## Tunnel vision

Edmonton civic officials recently situated behind across narrow cut-alike 45 ft below traffic-choked Jasper Avenue, preparing the city's new subway which is due to open in the spring of 1978. As the party edged its way beneath the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, transit commissioner Alf Savage noted: "We should be just about under the vault. Think we could shoot a tunnel through?" Certainly the subway's form felt a back hand it just about the only way Edmonton can turn a financial disaster. But its advocates are undeterred. They expect the new \$64-million line to make Edmonton (population 450,000) a transportation showcase, the only North American city of less than half a million population to build a subway.

Less Lawrence marketing and development director for the Edmonton Transit System, demands to study the impact of some experts that a city needs a population of one million to support rapid transit. He

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André introduces the crisp, dry taste and pleasing freshness of Moulin Blanc. Moulin Blanc, a dry white wine, complements meals. And this wine satisfies, all by itself. Moulin Blanc is a skilful

blend of choice grapes, each contributing its own subtle charm to the complexity of the flavour. André Moulin Blanc... light, dry and distinctive.

ANDRÉ  
WINNERS OF THE WINE





Left to right: Torben Wittrop, Bob Hesketh, Gordon Sinclair and Charles Doering at Queen's Park

## Gordon Sinclair & friends

### But even friends disagree.

That's their prerogative as newscommentators. Each one different, each one with his own approach to the news. Four newscommentators extend a hand:

#### Gordon Sinclair for 'News and Comments' 11:50 AM and 5:50 PM, weekdays.

He's the dean of 'News and Comments'. The original lovable, irascible fighter. On some days you'll agree with what he had to say, on others you won't, but one thing everyone agrees upon is that he'll get you to think.

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His consistently 'accurate' news will keep you on top of what's happening here and around the world. He's your man for 'Authoritative News'.

#### Bob Hesketh for 'News and Comments' 7 AM and 1 PM, weekdays.

A free-thinker, outspoken reporter, feature writer and newscaster, his blend of sarcasm, wit and humour makes for dramatic listening.

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The only 6 year old Canadian whisky in Ontario at a popular price.

Available in 25 oz. and 50 oz.  
A product of Canadian Gibson Distillery Ltd., Montreal, and soon St. Thomas, Ontario.

# Saint Emilion, Bordeaux, Bergerac, Medoc. A guide to Bordeaux, via the grapevine.

Bordeaux. Vineyard to the world for over 2000 years. Producing over 500 million bottles of wine every year. And still unable to keep up with demand. Bordeaux is more than a city or region. It is a tradition. Here are some of the reasons why.



**Saint Emilion.** A small town surrounded by vineyards. One of the oldest and brightest jewels in the Bordeaux crown. The series are a deep red with a faint spout of acidity to flatter the palate, and require 5 to 10 years of aging to achieve their full perfection. **Lucas.** Saint Emilion, produced and aged by Rice du Lucas, exemplifies all the qualities of this renowned wine for a very modest price. (Distributed in Canada by C. Bakin Import and Trading.)



**Bergerac.** A close neighbor to the vast Bordeaux region, this small town with its surrounding vineyards is dependently produces its own high quality dry red wines. Their unique charm and fragrance can be enjoyed in **Mahier Renau's Chateau Movel de Monagne Bergerac**, for a very sensible price. (Distributed in Canada by Distillers Co. (Canada) Ltd.)



**Bordeaux Supérieur.** A difference in vinification gives these wines a higher alcoholic content than the usual



Bordeaux wines, but other than this, they retain all of the celebrated characteristics. A very good representative of this type of wine is **Quincard Anquet's red Chateau de Terrejeu Bordeaux Supérieur** (Distributed in Canada by Martin Lacey.)



**Bordeaux.** The vineyards producing wine with this label are fully 10 miles to the west of the city of that name. These dry wines are soft and dry with a rich ruby colour, and are always a complement to red meat or cheese. **Johnston's Louis XIV Bordeaux** is an excellent example of this wine, and remains highly available. (Distributed in Canada by Goodfriend's Import Company.)



**Medoc.** One of the largest and most important districts of Bordeaux, its red wines are known throughout the world. An excellent example is **B&G Medoc**, a hearty dry red wine well suited to meat as well as most food. (Distributed by International Wines & Spirits Ltd.)

These are only a few of the wonderful wines which maintain the fame of the Bordeaux region. There are many others available in Canada which combine the same high quality with the same good value for any occasion.

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ages Edmonton also support the subway—Canada's third—because its citizens love public transit and oppose freeway. Edmontonians have come to regard expressways as a scourge. In the late 1960s, the city adopted a freeway plan dubbed with a Metropolitan Edmonton Transportation System that should have specified death for the city's public transit system. Instead, Edmontonians took to the streets in such steady, unrelenting numbers that in 1970 became the only city in North America. Freeway plans, meantime, were scuttled and citizens began to complain about the neighborhood devastation new highways caused. The McKinnon Freeway was scrapped in mid-construction and replaced with a streetcar and light rail line. As Edmonton version of Toronto's ill-fated Spadina Expressway. In 1970, City Hall adopted a new policy. There would be no more freeways; the city would concentrate instead on public transit.

The new line cuts through a controversial subway with abandoned rapid transit. Starting at Jasper Avenue and 802 Street in the heart of downtown, it will whisk passengers underground one mile to 96th Street, then take them 4.5 miles to a new park that lies midway between the two lines. Its five stops will include Edmonton's main public attractions: the downtown Core Centre, the Edmonton Exhibition grounds and Galleries, and the old-water construction. Common-law Courts Standalone. During a typical peak hour, 5,000 riders will be aboard over 50 miles in just 12 minutes. Unlike in most cities, Edmonton never tests its new subway to suburban shopping places. Instead it overlooked a subway route developed by Edmonton Centre, a new downtown shopping complex. Getting around that core, in a winter that always includes several weeks of bitter cold, can be painful, but the subway solves that problem with a guarantee that commuters will have the major downtown buildings. Out of luck, for the moment, are thousands of provincial government workers on the western edge of the city, and the University of Alberta, to the south. But where the subway will go next hasn't been decided, but everybody seems to want it to head their way. Whether Edmonton can afford to extend a downtown line is a debatable. The coming year will cost more than double the original \$38-million estimate, although the province is willing to \$40 million, there is a huge discrepancy over the whole idea. Edmonton's Ed Leger says the subway makes Edmonton like a "family with an income of less than \$10,000 owning three Cadillacs." He contends that it will have to increase taxes to raise the \$1.1 billion annual revenue that he's not sure about. Besides, on the other hand, public transit costs as many people will take the subway in now late the lines, and would even be prepared to pay \$100 a year, a trip double current fare. That would yield four million dollars annually.

## Advertising

### Bill C-58: happiness was a warm loophole

The weary spirit behind the advertising world's love for the "warm loophole" is a loophole. The lawyers had found a loophole in Bill C-58, which meant Canadian firms could continue to advertise on U.S. broadcast stations without losing their income tax deduction. There was no tax deduction for advertising on U.S. radio and television stations, particularly those serving the rich Toronto and Vancouver areas, and 1) then in big corporations—specifically, in this case, Maclean-Hunter Limited—some of the left hand doesn't quite agree with what the right hand is doing in the embarrassment of both.

Bill C-58, of course, was the legislation that prompted Time to discontinue its Canadian news section and encouraged major changes in the advertising industry. Agree. Equally important, the bill dealt with the deductibility of advertising carried on foreign broadcasting contracts. The intent of the bill, proclaimed September 22, was to make it attractive for Canadian firms to advertise on foreign broadcast media. The cost of such ads would not be regarded as a business expense for income tax purposes.

U.S. broadcasters fought hard against C-58. Law in the summer in Ottawa law firm, Gowing & Henderson, which represents several U.S. broadcasters, was asked for an opinion on the wording of a key passage (section 19.1, subsection 20) which dealt with tax and radio commercials. The lawyer said the bill was "very broad" and "if a written agreement is entered into after January 23, 1975 and before this section comes into force, and if the agreement is for a term of one year or less, and if the agreement is not capable of being extended or renewed." Allan O'Brien, a member of Gowing & Henderson, replied that in his opinion advertisers would still qualify for tax deductions on one-year contracts "that could begin, well, I don't know, pick a date. Anytime." The U.S. side, however, was not happy. A spokesman told his Canadian sales reps to spread the good news. Among the contracts was

from Stephens & Townsend Co. Ltd., Toronto representatives for, among them, Buffalo, Stephens & Townsend, which on the advertising of wine, began selling sparkling, back-to-back, one-year contracts. "The law said the contracts were indefeasible as long as they didn't expire each year," said S&T President Joe Beatty. "So we wrote separate one-year contracts for a number of years."



Beatty: to the letter of the law

Stephens & Townsend is a subsidiary of Shawcross Broadcasting Company Limited, a Toronto-based radio station in Kitchener, Ontario, in turn, is controlled by Maclean-Hunter Limited, publisher of Maclean's and a staunch supporter of Bill C-58. When Stephens & Townsend means of a potentially embarrassing conflict? Yes, replied Beatty. "It was very embarrassing for us, because of Maclean-Hunter's policy. But if you look at it from the other point of view, we were just doing the job our clients expected of us." To Harold Campbell, president of Maclean-Hunter and chairman of Shawcross, the deal of Stephens & Townsend was so less embarrassing. "The fact that's what happens when a company gets spread out," he said. "We normally pay very to all our companies that they're on the line. But we do ask them to touch base with us before they start writing letters to cabinet ministers, or going up to Ottawa, or wherever. Unfortunately, that didn't happen in this case."

The contract Stephens & Townsend sold all contained explicit clauses so advertisers could withdraw if O'Brien's legal representation failed to stand up. In any case, Ottawa decided to take no chances. Said Ken Sam, acting director general of social policy, communications ministry: "To the extent that there was a loophole, it is being plugged." **WILLIAM BARNER**

# Education

English is English and French is French, but sometimes the twain do meet

While many of Canada's federal employees and public school students lack a strong command of English, the magazine grows that the eastern way to achieve bilingualism is to immerse the young in whatever official language and culture are close to them. Keith Spryer, the Commissioner of Official Languages, has become a proponent of the "push open" and suggests that one of the best approaches is the Summer Language Bursary Program, under which francophones and anglophones exchange environments. Budgets needed this year. Ottawa is considering a cutoff in student language training while French words or articles by 1990. Last summer nearly 1,000 students usually 17 to 20 years old, were housed. One of them was Brenda Hains, a 21-year-old Vancouver post-graduate. Her report:



exam. "The best way to start is with the oral French. First you get up to writing," explained Jean Senécal, secretary of the Laval summer school. Twelve months, led by Claude Gail, guided us outside the classroom. Conversations with us, and helped organize informal activities that enabled us to apply classroom lessons in practical situations. The atmosphere is relaxed in the women's learning the informal loops of masculine, or engaging in ball-joint, theatre, music or sports—always "en français," of course. We watched films

Writer Hains (left) exchanged her room in a French-language school (below) by anglophone students at Laval's summer term.



Financed by Ottawa and administered by the provinces, the program began in 1990 at 17 educational institutions and attracted 1,877 students. Bursaries—now worth \$1700—are given to full-time students in a first-come, first-served basis. This year we could choose among 36 host homes, ranging from a University of Toronto facility on the French island of St. Pierre to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the University of Victoria. Two thirds of us studied French, the others English.

Ottawa's total cost was \$2.75 million, distributed among the provinces according to population. The money paid for our room, board, tuition, books and a broad range of cultural activities for six weeks. Many of us aimed for total immersion and paid the cost of traveling to a region where the majority would speak the second official language.

I chose Laval, in Quebec City. While anglophones like me poured into Quebec, groups of francophones were discovering Vancouver, Edmonton, Toronto or Fredericton.

Most of us really wanted to learn more about other official language and most of us did. Of course, a lot of us hope the program will help us get better jobs later on. Jean-Benoît Gauthier, the Liberal MP for Ottawa-Vanier, has met French students across Canada and he knows the French machine for learning English is largely economic, while anglophones are more motivated by cultural curiosity. Gauthier's assumption is based on a 1979 questionnaire, in which nearly half the bursary students enrolled in first-language courses said they signed up because they wanted to improve knowledge of the language and culture whereas only a third of those

studying English gave this answer. (First comes in many francophones in anglophones referred to potential economic benefits—which says something about relevance to opportunism is the two cultures.) Donald Martin, the Progressive Conservative MP for Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean, says the emphasis on language immersion should shift from civil servants to younger people. "To take civil servants at 50 and try to make them bilingual is a gross misuse of public funds," he said. Martin called the bursary program "sensible and excellent in concept."

The educational institutions many of which had immersion programs prior to the bursary program, followed similar schedules which included formal classes, workshops, informal activities and excursions, but differed in their approaches. At Laval, a summer school for non-francophones was started in 1955. Bursary students began to arrive in 1970, and this summer nearly 80% of us came from outside Quebec. At the elementary level, teaching methods were understood or understood well and all classroom was oral, except for

about Quebec slang, dance and even held a costume ball. We also enjoyed Quebec City and enjoyed the Summer Festival with such singers as Louise Forestier and Golden Violette and musicians such as André Gagnier. Also we went on bus excursions to see the World Circuit at St-Jean-Baptiste, the farms of Île-d'Orléans and the sights of Montreal.

Naturally, we discussed separation issues of us called it "the ultimate threat" but we all felt we had achieved a better understanding of the French Canadian aim to preserve their language and culture. "It's surprising how relaxed we are from the culture of Quebec, and it's sad how we're not all," said Debbie Gower, a bursary student from Chelmsford, Devon, Stafford, 17, a Newfoundland and she visited her brother and did not share the bursary. But, he felt, "even if some students were just looking for a first vacation they're going to get a lot more than that, anyway." Vancouverite Julia C. C. was high on the list. "It would be very nice to be able to speak two languages," she



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Code _____	Code _____	Code _____	Code _____

# Justice

Look! Up in the headlines! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's Ombudsman!

Arthur Mulaney goes back to his chair looks out from his luxurious anti-race Toronto office and reflects on who he has accomplished in the 16 months since Ontario made him Canada's eighth provincial ombudsman. "I've set up an operation second to none anywhere in the world," he says—and it appears he has. For a man reared in Canada's most dramatic dispute to date between an ombudsman and the government that appointed him, Mulaney 56, seems remarkably calm. Of course he does have an unbelievable 10-year contract, at \$80,000 a year, to protect Ontario citizens from the horrors of bureaucracy and legislation. But the former \$300,000-a-year criminal lawyer has been fighting a battle being watched closely by his counterparts across the country.

It began last December, when Mulaney announced he would investigate the way the Ontario government bought land for a proposed community of 75,000 in North Pickering, just east of Toronto. He had received 19 complaints from people who said they'd been outfoxed by government buyers and he decided to look into the entire procedure. Mulaney's investigation eventually came up with what they considered were 49 unjust complaints. The government of Premier William Davis—who had appointed Mulaney with great flourish shortly before last year's provincial election—issued a writ of *certiorari*—was informed Housing Minister John Rhodes rejected Mulaney's report. Mulaney refused to withdraw. Davis and Mulaney, old friends, failed to reach a compromise.

When the case was thrown to a select committee of the legislature, which began hearing evidence, Mulaney and Rhodes redoubled their efforts to find common ground. After a reform hearing that he sat at both ends and ran on until one o'clock the

following morning, they announced an agreement: the 44 cases would be resolved, 25 of them to be investigated by a commission appointed by the House. The other 19—plus as many as 55 more—to be probed by Mulaney's people. The select committee unanimously and with evident relief, accepted the compromise and withdrew to write its report, which will probably be embarrassing to both men.

Mulaney downplays the confrontation and says that if he does his job effectively such clashes are inevitable. "It stands to



Mulaney: worse than they bargained for

reason that from time to time a minister will think I'm a man of ash," he says with a grin.

Canadian ombudsmen generally have been loath to take on the government that appointed them. Given that student loans and small stuff, they've mostly gone beyond reaching to ensure compliance. But Mulaney's vision of the job is different. He made it evident from the start that he wanted a clear definition of his powers and the right to spend money the way he saw fit. He and his staff are drawing up a "blue-

print" of his role, which he wants the government to accept. His \$3.2 million first-year budget demand, slated to \$2.3 million by the legislature, will probably be granted next year. His staff now is more than 100.

Ombudsmen from Canada's other provinces (as well as some one seen "leaving only red" and the federal government) welcome a better balance of citizens and bureaucrats watching Mulaney's performance with a mixture of awe and hope. Nova Scotia's Dr. Harry Smith with only a five-member staff, says of Ontario's much-roomier office, "I do feel that I didn't do the right thing by going out there. When I needed more staff, I passed the gun back and it short-circuited." Nova Scotia turned down Smith's request for three additional staff. He adds, "Arthur Mulaney is more a reformer than I and some of my colleagues are. We're all quite cynical. Smith and his peers may begin to qualify their praise if Mulaney loses his North Pickering case, but as Mulaney says, at least the dispute was publicizing an institutional Canadian don't know about. Dr. Randall Hoag of Alberta, the first person to appoint an ombudsman (in 1967), asked about public awareness of his office: "The average guy in the street? If you put one in 10 who can pronounce the word you're lucky."

Whether or not they can pronounce it, Canadians are complaining to their ombudsmen (and in Quebec, to their newly appointed ombudswomen). Mulaney's office, for example, is handling more than 400 new problems a month and has received almost 4,500 complaints since June last year. Like all provincial ombudsmen, however, Mulaney—a former Conservative MP—finds his hands tied in cases that involve the federal government. The provincial ombudsmen do their best to direct citizens with complaints about employment, recreation or immigration procedure to the appropriate federal office. But most would like to see Ottawa appoint an ombudsman of its own. The federal government has two ombudsmen now—Roger Harris, who handles complaints about Canada's public services, and Ken Spencer, the country's bilingual ombudsman—but Ottawa remains reluctant against appointing an "ombudsman general" because of the cost and complications it forces. Wrong, say the provincial ombudsmen, echoing Manitoba's George Malby. "There is a need. It's a bloody big country, but if they [Ontario] wanted to do it, there's no doubt they could."

JAMES MALCOLM



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### The ombudspersons

Ombudsman: a Swedish word which has been borrowed by several languages including English. It derived from the recent Norse word for complaint (soknadr) and man (menn). Sweden was the first country to appoint an official to represent citizens with complaints against government. That was in 1809. In recent years the concept has been widely copied. Lotted here are Canada's eight provincial ombudsmen, and their telephone numbers.

- Alberta:** Dr. Randall Hoag (403) 425-3756
- Saskatchewan:** Kenneth Serfaty (306) 465-6213
- Manitoba:** George Malby (204) 774-4451
- Ontario:** Arthur Mulaney (416) 362-7325
- Quebec:** Mme. Lucie Pélissier (418) 443-2855
- New Brunswick:** Joseph Rivest (506) 453-2700
- Nova Scotia:** Dr. Harry Smith (902) 424-4760
- Newfoundland:** Ambrose Peadar (709) 753-7730

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# Health

\$1.35 of protection is worth \$30,000 of cure

Treatment for seriously ill kidney patients can be brutally expensive—as much as \$30,000 a year to maintain a patient on dialysis. Non-treatment, of course, can be fatal. But early detection can save both lives and money, which helps account for a remarkable volunteer program being carried out in the Ottawa area. To date, more than 16,000 schoolchildren have been given urine tests designed to detect symptoms of kidney disease, diabetes and cystitis. Preliminary results show that 3% of 7,614 girls and 5% of 4,406 boys tested had reduced kidney. Of these with problems, 31 are now under treatment and five with serious problems may have serious surgery.

The program, launched a year ago, is continuing under the auspices of the local chapter of the Kidney Foundation of Canada. Popularity, the driving force behind it, has been Senator Louis Robichaud, the former premier of New Brunswick, who 36-year-old son, Jean-Claude, died to death this winter when a kidney dialysis machine was not properly attached to his body. Jean-Claude had been on dialysis—the procedure by which the kidney's job of purifying the blood is performed by

machines—since he was 14, and had been missing to himself at home for several years. A committee's very last month board evidence that Jean-Claude was probably more expert with the procedure than many hospital workers. Senator Robichaud, president of the Ottawa Valley chapter of the foundation, says of the school testing: "My objective was that parents should be shared these difficulties, those insurmountable difficulties with their own children."

The Ottawa results to date confirm with those of a cross-country survey of more than 100,000 schoolchildren recently completed by Dr. G. S. Aron of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. Of the 110,979 children screened, 800 had urine infections. Future programs, says Dr. Aron, "just depend on the price at which people are willing to buy it...it depends who is going to pay the bill." He estimates that it costs as much as \$30,000 to find one child with one damaged kidney.

The Ottawa program, which heavily on volunteers to keep costs down. Says Ray Mayer, the local kidney foundation coordinator who took time away from his business to help organize the school tests: "We must have at least a couple of thousand people helping us." The test is relatively simple: children provide a urine sample which volunteers check on the spot with a dipstick for the presence of blood, protein or glucose. A dipstick sample is returned to the local hospital health laboratory where technicians check for infection. This cost, about \$1.35 per child, which Mayer estimates, would be at least twice as much without the help of the volunteers.

The Ottawa foundation raises funds with skating and dance marathons, as well as committees of businessmen. The Canadian League donated \$5,000 and the Lions Club has promised \$30,000 and the St. Laurent Shopping Centre merchants \$10,000. The Ottawa health authority pays for the laboratory work. Some programs are underway in Woodstock, N.S. and Sherbrooke, Quebec. Edmonton, Timmins, Oshawa, and Montreal have completed them.

Doctors point out that such tests cannot always prevent a child from eventually ending up on dialysis. For one thing, they cannot detect impending infection. But in many cases they give doctors a vital early warning. Mrs. Kinzsa Desjardins, a registered nurse who works full-time on the Ottawa project says: "I have a husband on dialysis. If he had been treated when he was young, tested for \$1.35, he could have been cured."

JULIANNE LARSEN



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Robichaud skimming for the kidney foundation; not just personal, but that too



# Television

This is how Dief saw it—and history is in the eye of the beholder

The military music swells, we see a familiar silhouette, and the scene builds to an emotional crescendo. "I have but one love—Canada, one purpose—in greatness, one struggle and abiding belief—in its freedom, one aim—in unity from the Atlantic to the Pacific. . . . Anyone who might be hurt would be hurt in the purely personal sense." Not John Diefenbaker. The bombast in an excerpt from the speech he made to the 1956 Conservative convention which chose him as party leader. Twenty years later, in spite of everything that has happened to him, the style of the man hasn't changed—as millions of Canadians will discover on Wednesday evenings between now and January while watching the 13 episodes of the CBC series *One Canada*.

The series, subtitled *The Political Moment Of The 21st Year John G. Diefenbaker*, provides no subject with a chance to do something for which he has already shown a brilliant aptitude—apologizing self-dramatization. Diefenbaker may not have been able to govern the country, but he had a go at his political theatricality, and he certainly knows how to carry a television show. Here once more is the flamboyant showman masterfully playing the role of a right party hero who learned how to carry day party with his angry eloquence on behalf of the common man or the Old Testament furies descended at the behest of special privilege.

When this program aired, no objective history buff or personal inquirer what we get is very much the Diefenbaker version. All camera angles there is still something nervously compelling about the man even if his view of things seems to put it subtly, idiosyncratic. He sits there, arms folded calmly and with an air of poised dignity, answering questions in the manner of a benevolent despot. A born raconteur, Diefenbaker gloriously serves every character to tell a juicy anecdote. Usually the subjects that arise have already been to great old men of Canadian politics. John G. Diefenbaker was a fighter and a lone crusader surrounded by dragons. He speaks about mistakes but they're not the mistakes we're curious about. He like the administrative bungling on the fiscal disaster of the educationists on the maddling with the cnc and the Bank of Canada or the admission of a press report that started an advertising line. The mistakes Diefenbaker talks about now are such things as not realizing that the federal government William McCrebren was offering too generously to use as a political



Diefenbaker with wife Olive in 1960; villains to the left, villains to the right.

weapon a letter that would have disgraced the Liberals. That is they're mistaken that it doesn't hurt your reputation to confuse.

If Diefenbaker lacked whatever confidence it takes to make an effective personal account, it's clear he had what it takes to be a moving leader of the opposition, and age has not dulled his combative instincts. Almost everything that ever happened pre-empted away instances of the powerful, ruthless common Diefenbaker and One Canada works up into a tirade of put-downs. At Diefenbaker grandiloquently recalls the plots and betrayals of the evil-doers. There, the Bay of Islands, the party before he came to the scene, the strongest psychologically known as "the same old hands" who acted as if they weren't accountable to the people, the Quebec wing of the caucus called "the Rats" (their objective was to assassinate him) (the constitutional foreman) by John Kennedy ("He was out to destroy me") and Wall Street ("they thought money could buy anything"), the traitors in his own cabinet who turned on him during the crisis of 1962-63 ("It betrayed me when they joined together to destroy the person who made them what they were").

The series was produced by Cam Givens, a veteran of CBC Quebec who worked with the same material since 1966, has already produced two other series—the *Portrait* segments, *First Person Singular* and a polemical record of the period called *The Tenth Deadly Sin* (which was the

first and only time that Diefenbaker was not a subject but a participant in the past all other again and there's a sense of living with history. After a year of research, the producers were drawn to Diefenbaker in December, 1975, while Diefenbaker was vacationing there. Several started early in the morning and were interrupted so that Diefenbaker could hear his radio. He was in the car when he was in the car.

Unlike Lyndon Johnson, who was paid about one million dollars for speaking his memories as a TV special, Diefenbaker and Pearson obliged the CBC for nothing. Maybe that's why the program appears to be somewhat Diefenbaker with a kind of reverence that goes for beyond politics. The jump that episode and shows such as the installation scene close to camp, and the way the questions are framed for Diefenbaker by the interviewers of the *Journal*. It is a thoughtful enough to make up a series.

How was it possible for a man who was the most thundering political voice in Canada's history to have almost all his support in just five years and be rejected not only by the voters but even the powers of his own party? Leaving to John Diefenbaker tell it, you get the impression it was because he stuck to his principles and was victimized by schemers. And Diefenbaker is so willing to accept blame, especially when he has played the underdog that while you're under his spell you almost believe it.

MARTIN ARNHEIM

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and never known to Toronto with him, then meet partner Tom (Group of Seven forerunner Tom Thomson's dissimilarity who paints Thomson's duplicates on screen) and falls in love with him. Rose's friend Clara eventually falls the lover.

Unfortunately, the film is less fluid than the story line, because the characters must do triple duty. They carry out only their duties but also labels of portrait. Oppressed Wife, Disfranchised Servitude, Arson, Brutish Forest. Further, however, is a political symbol they enter long-winded words (French Canadian is English Canadian, Art in Technology Men in Women) and never get a chance to develop their roles. Limited, conventional messages, they light cardboard sets in which nothing is freely created but debits.

Ironically, the superb talents of an actor, Anne Pichard, and cinematographer, Richard Leacock, help to magnify the film's fatal flaws. For, where we are clearly seduced into a portrait of visual beauty created by these craftsmen, our minds are misled by a cross screenplay and serious direction. *The Far Shore* looks like the product of a great Canadian studio to experiment the movie's progress, an inevitable, ancient, the haunting ball of hell, man made everything but merely predictable. Characters are trapped in one-dimensional, for there is no conversation, only verbal recitations of either text or voice, with each line a single signpost of Serious Significance.

The film's only visual relief is unintentional, the hapless, slipping up to their necks and making their lives. Most of all, by his own design or possible black box, there is no cinematic highlight, indeed, they go under completely, creating the result, rude words of repetition, only to surge into view again—through cliffs, like Tams, who have had been the first and the first President for obvious reasons.

It is difficult to understand why one can sympathize to this film. But, if one looks (Lalonde) seems a charming, pleasant character, reminiscent of a young Jacques Des Rosiers. MacLean's recasting of all participants, except a victim of such wickedness that over his crimes, grows Lawrence Kennedy (Richard Koot), as a thoughtful role, and thoroughly engaged character, he manages to look like a profiled screenplay. Even so, Kennedy is more attractive and interesting to watch than Frank Moore's pulled, inconspicuous way with partner Tom.

It would have been understanding to approach this film by critical standards based on aesthetics, rather than on social values, but it might have proved an interesting exercise in Canadian themes. *The Far Shore* makes all Canadians as robots, loses one again. All representation between sexes and cultures is denied to follow—as a love. Michael's creative vision leaves us no sanctuary, except in wilderness.

LESLIE VERNON

## Dance

### Spare Karen Kain—but shoot the choreographer

Karen Kain's career is the dream of many Canadian artists. Go to Europe, get rave, mood ahead—then come home in triumph. Just one year ago, the 25-year-old Montreal ballet principal had an intense success in Paris with Carmen, a role joyously identified with legendary French dancer Jeanne Lanoe. Then Richard Poirer, the renowned French choreographer of that role, created a new ballet for her in May at the Paris Opéra. After that came guest appearances in London and critical acclaim, an open invitation to dance at ballet's mecca, the Royal Ballet, and finally, the highly anticipated appearance of great artist, headlining Poirer's Ballet de Marseille in a grand seven-week tour from Quebec to Vancouver. Unfortunately for both Kain and Poirer, the tour has unfolded as something less than a triumph.

Canadian critics, while expressing admiration at Kain's technique, were lukewarm about her interpretation of Carmen, the slatternly, alcoholic, egotistical girl, and many found fault with Poirer's repertoire. *The Toronto Star's* William Lattin called Poirer "half-length version of *The Merchant of Venice* dance seen only in Montreal and Ottawa." In great words, he said, "Kain's 'shades' and the Ottawa Critics

concluded that Carmen was 'a decidedly inferior dance work.'"

Kain is surprised by the reaction. She feels Canadian audiences may have had the wrong expectations. "A lot of people thought Carmen should be a femme fatale, but I enjoyed Richard's vision about her. He was her most as a mysterious character." Unfortunately that kind of reading does little to assist what is essentially a stylistically and dramatically confused work. When it was premiered 25 years ago, Poirer's Carmen was considered for its pure emotion. Today it needs something more than Kain's Burke-did-it-pretty and intensely sensual gesture to shock up the aging heads of misanthropes, fads.

The tour has generated some heat other than criticism. Canadian Actors' Equity Association, in its list of successful, protested that the \$80,000 spent by the touring office of the Canadian Opera on the tour should have gone to Canadian. But the money, according to the official source from Equity, is primarily earmarked for the cultural exchange. France itself is underwriting \$550,000 of the costs in part of a 10-city program that sent the Montreal Symphony to France on a European tour this year.

Still, if everybody was to answer for it to use Kain, Poirer and company, surely they could have arranged a more up-to-date program. Poirer, after all, has a considerable reputation in Europe. Judging by the three weeks the rock dance *Pinet* has in the United States and Canada, most Canadian cities from Quebec to Vancouver have seen that reputation in an inflated one. Poirer is the master of frenetic intensity of dance so long they seem pained at it. His choreography, like a teacher of simple mathematics, let loose on a photographer. It's all lines, angles, squares and balanced equations, multiplied and mass-produced.

Despite the drubbing by English-Canadian critics (French-Canadian reviewers call Poirer a genius), his offer seems to have been good and justify the Kain-oriented publicity approach. (She danced in 20 of 32 performances.) Kain herself admits she's an insurance policy. In fact she's doing so for her home turf, where Richard Poirer does internationally drawing people to see the company, standing behind her. Unfortunately Poirer's impression in 10 years ago to Karen Kain hasn't been seen at her best in the third and final production of the Ballet de Marseille. To her credit, she has emerged from the tour unscathed—still a star in a country started foreign.

NEVAN COHEN

## Obituary

### Donald F. Hunter, the quiet man who ran a publishing company

Donald Fleming Hunter, longtime publisher of *Maclean's* Hunter Limited, died in Toronto earlier this month at the age of 65 following a lengthy illness. A serious and quietly confident individual, Hunter acquired over the years a reputation for his decisions, which during four decades shaped the firm that bore his name. Never for an instant pretending to know any answer to the intricacies and enigmas of his firm, he was simply a man bent on trying to get the question straight. It was this honesty of approach that led to an air of confidence and integrity to his many ventures.

Education at Upper Canada College and the University of Toronto, he joined the company in 1930 and served as various senior capacities until the outbreak of World War II, when he took up a commission with the Governor General's Horse Guards. He was promoted in 1945 as a staff captain in the 5th Canadian Armoured Brigade and later fought his way up to fly with the First Canadian Army Tank Brigade.



He took part in the Northwest European campaign as second-in-command of his original regiment and returned to *Maclean's* Hunter as manager of *Maclean's* magazine in 1945.

After serving an apprenticeship in several branches of the company he eventually headed the design and development of its printing plant in north Toronto and in 1953 became managing director. He was appointed president in 1964 and chairman of the board in 1969. Hunter's on-the-job interests were confined mostly to golfing and hunting, though he won for several years a number of the Canadian International Hunting Team which competed successfully throughout Britain and Ireland.

Not an easy man to believe, Hunter was noted on defining himself by his enthusiasm instead of any snobbery or enclaves. While he was on the head of corporate leaders who almost up like a mirror to light up the sky, the 4,000 employees of *Maclean's* Hunter will live in his shadow for a very long time.

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# Canada doesn't have to execute people any more. It just sentences them to neglect

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The sadness is that the hypothesis does not make them any hypocrites. The hypothesis is that Liberal Members of Parliament who give the impression they have abolished death from the land. When they voted to wage capital punishment from the date they saved the lives of 11 men on December 13th, and the public, many times and the government felt drained. It pretends to ignore the cruel reality. As the carcasses responsible for the Canadian prison system, the Liberals have to answer for the fact that more than 11 men die every year in our prisons. Since 1970, there have been 62 inmates in federal prisons. Another 18 prisoners were murdered by fellow inmates. The Canadian prison system is a mess and the chaos increases and more prisoners die. But the government actually has no budgeted killing and therefore feels noble. That's called hypocrisy.

In the same week, 300 prisoners at the St. Penitentiary were due prison to the tune of one million dollars and 264 prisoners at Laval prison in Montreal were \$750,000 damage in a riot. The Canadian Light Infantry has to be down in front of Alberta to take over the St. Pen with automatic weapons. The warden of Laval said for the army because "there was a war going on here among staff in not trying to fight a war."

There is another small consolation that might explain something. The Laval prison is 100 years old. Sixteen of the St. Pen are also more than 100 years old, built by the Royal Engineers when they moved from England in 1870 (St. Pen was given a province then) to police the Gold Rush.

And there is a third similarity that tells you everything you want to know about the Liberal priorities. The warden of Laval says he prison has 150 inmates and many more than a decade ago, a federal commission of inquiry, coming after 300 prisoners noted at the St. Pen, reported to his Justice Minister Lloyd Cheverton that the prison was "grossly overcrowded."

What has happened? The population of 500 prisoners die some in this day. There have been 18 house-tatals again that put a two years. What really has happened is that Cheverton was replaced by Guy Fawcett, who was replaced by Louis Carlin, who was replaced by Pierre Trudeau, who was replaced by John Turner, who was replaced by Ole Lang, who has been replaced by Rick Mulroney, and the overcrowding goes on and the riots go on and sentences increase. The whole general government which is directly responsible for the Canadian Penitentiary Service is said by the Liberals as a "warp-shuffle" and

notes that 1981 reports that more than 500 of the deaths have gone from John Turner to George Mulroney to Jean Pierre Goyer to the cabinet that overruled Wanda Aitken and now has been thrown to young Francis Fox who will take two years to learn the job, before he is shifted to another portfolio.



Prisoners at the St. Pen during recent riots and hostage-taking. 1980 to 1982

There is the disaster of the guards' intention. Underpaid, undertrained, at war with the progressive elements in the penal system, they are once more cynical than the public toward their prisoners. At St. Pen, the turnover rate among senior security people reached 75% to 80% in 1974. With matters reaching crisis level, officials internally "blat" down the prison for two weeks—locking prisoners in their cells and canceling all activities—while they put on a crash program to recruit and train new guards. They got 50 people. Within two months, half of them had quit.

The Public Service Alliance of Canada—the guards' union—warned Mulroney in 1974 that guards were overworked and morale was sinking. Actual home security guards at St. Pen were getting \$3.50 an hour—half the wage of the pen-shavers in the St. Vincent outstation. It's an accepted fact that there is a ready availability in the St. Pen and some underground and better deal in the countryside market.

bring it into the prison. The decision of the guards toward the "Newspapers" involved in rehabilitative programs was an obvious factor when St. Pen guards shot and killed Mary Stenhouse, the young sex worker who spent a lot of her time with a news dealer. At the Laval riot, 30 guards simply failed to show up for work on October 13 and the Quebec police had to be called in to make it.

Diogenes Cornejo, director of the St. Pen as a non-violent man is known for his fighting with Tito. He has attended in 1980 at a counter-revolutionary conference in Los Angeles and spent six months in solitary confinement in soap and bread before escaping to Canada, where he was a junior watchman and sewage worker before earning a degree in criminology. He is a progressive in prison reform that controls that guards run his prison. Four types of rehabilitative programs for inmates were cancelled after the Stenhouse shooting. Three times he has a new Communist designed to remain there at a one-day basis. Each time the guards locked prisoners in their cells and reported that "this" within the prison based cancellation of Cornejo's plan.

Things are going to get worse, not better, since the present Liberal hypothesis is about to surface. Justice Minister Barrford's "peace and security" legislation that's a Londoned Canadian note for Spain Agency's law, is under-designed to please the supporters of security up to the absence of capital punishment. It will keep controls in prison longer, cut parole programs and generally turn the clock back. Instead of marching forward with a consistent humane policy, the Liberals are doing a little off, but the more they re-mote the chances of prisoners "blowing" time off for good behavior. Since hope is all a prisoner has, the warfare inside and the outside are bound to increase.

The world that Canada sends more people to jail per capita than any country in the world is not true, but it is still puzzling why we have so many more inside than England, Denmark, Sweden, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Norway and Holland. It is puzzling that we are spending \$250 million a year on the penal system with only 570 million seven years ago and the double increase. It is remarkable for that prisoners are now being put into the reputations of St. Pen and Alcatraz and are approaching Africa.

Deaths are still going on in our prisons. It keeps that the Liberals won't take the responsibility for them.



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